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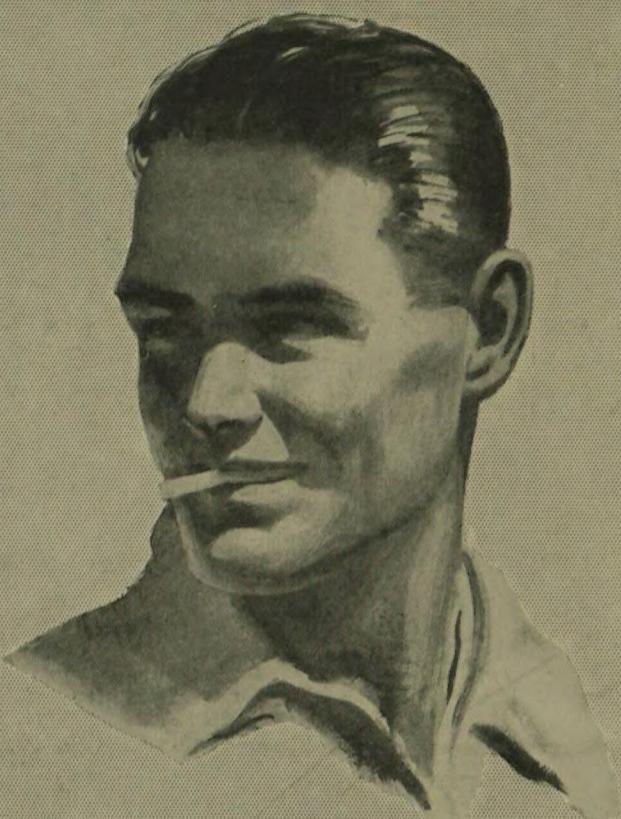
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THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH"

For Details of its Wonderful £1,200 Christmas Cover Design Contest.

The Alpine Wonderland

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1929.

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ENGLAND TO INDIA IN SEVEN DAYS, AND ONLY THREE HOURS LATE IN A 5000-MILE JOURNEY! THE TYPE OF AEROPLANE THAT SUCCESSFULLY CONCLUDED THE INAUGURAL AIR MAIL FLIGHT.

The final stage of the inaugural England-to-India air-mail flight (the start of which, on March 30, we illustrated in our last number) was successfully accomplished on April 6, when the Imperial Airways aeroplane from Egypt arrived at Karachi. The fact that it was only three hours late represented a remarkable achievement in a 5000-mile service. The delay was due to an exceptional incident—a sandstorm between Baghdad and Basra. The machine used on the Cairo-Karachi section was a De Havilland "Hercules" biplane (with three Bristol

"Jupiter" engines) of the type shown in our photograph, which was taken from another aeroplane. One propeller is stationary, for these machines can fly on any two of their engines. The arrival at Karachi was attended by Lord Chetwynd, Vice-Chairman of Imperial Airways, who next day left for Egypt in a sister mail-carrying machine, with his daughter and Air Vice-Marshals Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Sir Geoffrey Salmond. The second outward flight from Croydon started on April 6.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SEE that several critics in a weekly paper have complained of something I said about a New Religion that was announced in its pages. My criticism was, roughly speaking, a complaint that the New Religion was announced as appearing and never appeared. Even those who advertise in the magazines "an entirely new type of detective" do produce some sort of detective, even if he is a detective who is rather easy to detect. Even those who say that the next issue will contain a passionate romance, involving an entirely bold and original situation between Man and Woman, do at least introduce into their disappointing anecdote some sort of objects, which might be mistaken for a woman and a man. Even cross-word puzzles are followed by complete solution, filling up all the spaces somehow; and even in a prize competition there is an answer, whether or no there is a prize. Nobody writes a mystery story about a corpse in the stoke-hole, and then simply leaves it in the stokehole in the last chapter, without any comment, however casual. Nobody who loses a millionaire on the first page of a sensational novel can escape the responsibility of finding him somehow or somewhere, before the last page, dead or alive. But in the case of the New Religion, there simply was no New Religion, alive or dead. There were simply a number of suggestions about how interesting it would be if there ever were a New Religion, just as it would be extremely interesting if there were a corpse in our own domestic stokehole; just as it would be thrilling to find a millionaire alive, or possibly even more delightful to find him dead. But we do not, in fact, in our daily walks through the world, find corpses in stokeholes; we do not find dead millionaires, and we do not find New Religions. When we do, we do not indulge in long disquisitions about how interesting it would be if we did. When we do, we utter a loud cry, or otherwise draw attention to a definite and rather dramatic fact.

Now the only reason given, in the case I mention, for saying that there would be a New Religion was the assertion (true or false) that the world was tired of the old religions. Even if this were true, it would be a very illogical basis for any such prophecy. I have no right to announce to the scientific world that I have discovered an entirely new animal, with a wholly extraordinary and unprecedented arrangement of horns and hooves, and then have no explanation to give, except that I am tired of eating beef and mutton. I have no right to send a telegram to the Astronomer Royal declaring that I have found a new star, and then afterwards explain to that distinguished and irritated official, with an air of fatalistic languor, that everybody is thoroughly sick of the poetry written about Mars and Venus and Jupiter, and all the pagan names of the planets. Those pagan gods and goddesses are undoubtedly ancient; they are undoubtedly in one sense out of date; they are undoubtedly a little too trite and familiar in the literature of men who have long ceased to believe in them as real deities. But simply disbelieving in

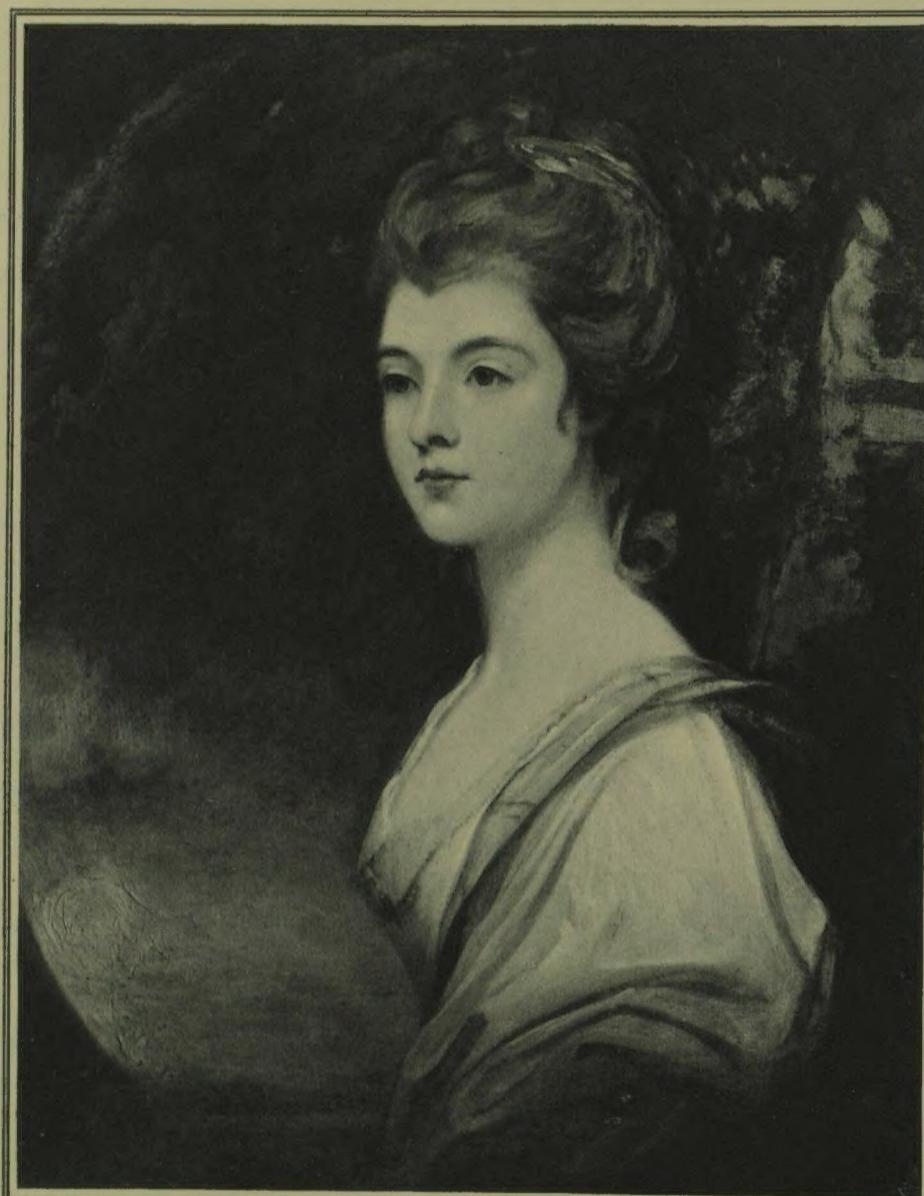
them does not of itself materialise a new and enormous comet, or precipitate even a falling star.

So it is in the social and moral and philosophical world. A good many of us are sometimes a little tired of journalism, especially the journalists. There is really very good reason for saying that the Press in its present conditions is in danger of becoming an anomalous and anonymous bore. But I cannot go about telling people that I am bringing out a new kind of newspaper, or that I have invented a new way of conveying news,

may run up any number of bills for posterity to discharge when we are all dead, and cannot be charged with anything—even with rather rash prediction. So far as I can understand, the only thing that anybody knows about the New Religion is that nobody will be a priest and everybody will be a prophet.

The writer whom I was criticising, and whom I have been criticised for criticising, seemed to be quite confident that the New Religion would come; but the only thing he seemed disposed to do, in order to help it along, was to quote various vague pantheistic authors of the Victorian era. And now his supporters are sternly informing me that my own religion forbids me to have anything to do with what is new or modern, because I am reading Maritain and Gheon, while the champion of novelty and modernity has just got as far as Emerson. As a fact, my religion is always modern; and the men I read are as modern in philosophy as Wyndham Lewis was modern in painting or Eric Gill is modern in sculpture. But modernism is no longer modern. And surely nobody will insult the memories of my infancy by standing up and saying that Emerson is particularly modern.

Here, however, I am not going to write about my own religion, though it does still exist, but about the New Religion which does not exist. I do not for a moment suggest that the New Religion might not exist. The world has made a fool of itself in all sorts of ways from the beginning of time, but its rich stores of foolery are by no means exhausted yet. I can easily imagine a real, vivid, veritable New Religion, which is more than the prophet of the New Religion can do. I could make up a whole list of New Religions, at a guinea apiece, which would be quite as probable and presentable as any number of old religions such as have existed and may yet exist again. There is nothing, for instance, to prevent people from worshipping the infinitesimal instead of the infinite, and subdividing the atom in the search for the indivisible dot of divinity. It would be as sensible to search for God with microscopes as to search for God with telescopes. And that was what a number of the cosmic agnostics really did in the nineteenth century. I can imagine a religion founded entirely on the psychology of contrast, so that children would be kept in coal-cellars that they might appreciate occasional sunbeams. I can imagine a religion founded on the inversion of day and night, and the idea that our dreams are real and our waking life is a dream. I can understand



THE ROMNEY CONTROVERSY: A COPY OF HIS PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, BY ELLIS ROBERTS, IN THE DUKE'S TOWN HOUSE—TO COMPARE WITH THE SUTTON PLACE PORTRAIT AND THE "AMERICAN" VERSION (SEE PAGES 604-605).

On a double-page in this number we illustrate, side by side, Romney's portrait of Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland, owned by the present Duke, and the portrait of the same lady recently sold in America, as a Romney, for £40,000, this amount being afterwards refunded to the purchaser when it was found that the original was still in the Duke's possession at Sutton Place, near Guildford. Details of the transaction, and of the subsequent controversy, are given on the pages mentioned. The Duke stated that his father (the late Duke) had several copies of Romney's picture made, including the above, which is in his London residence, Hampden House, Green Street, W. This copy is signed, in the lower left corner, "Ellis Roberts, 1896," and in the lower right corner are the words "After Romney." Mr. Roberts recalls that he made this Hall, with another one for the late Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, who mistook it for the original. Lord Ronald told him that G. F. Watts had also made a copy of the picture.

merely because I do not think that the old way with news is very new. A great many of us think that education, in its modern compulsory form, has got very much into a rut and is likely to become as narrow as any other routine. But I do not call that The New Education; I do not say that I am an educationist; God forbid! But on the subject of religion it would seem that anybody is allowed to announce anything. Anybody may draw any number of blank cheques on the bank of the future. Anybody

a man holding that everything except himself is a dream. It will be truly remarked that all these New Religions are stark staring mad. They are; but they are something. They are ideas of some sort; they are statements with some meaning; they are things that could be affirmed or denied. But the New Religion in the weekly paper was Nothing; and I object to being told to bow down to Nothing, or to be bullied by Nothing, or to be made a slave of Nothing, because it is supposed to be New.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY WALL-PAINTINGS BEFORE AND AFTER RESTORATION.



1. BEFORE TREATMENT: ONE OF THE PANELS ON THE EAST WALL OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY BEARING AN EARLY FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING KNOWN AS "THE DOOM."



2. DURING TREATMENT: DETAIL OF THE UPPER PART OF THE ABOVE PANEL (FIG. 1).

The dark patch (top right) has not been cleaned, but the very light portion adjoining it has been cleaned and shows the original pale blue and pink colours. The crown (beside the smaller haloed head) is of raised gesso. Above the principal head the gesso coating was curling away from the wall. It has been secured and pressed flat.

3. TREATMENT THAT MADE CLEANING POSSIBLE: THE FLAKY SURFACE OF A WALL PAINTING, ALREADY PERMEATED WITH WAX FROM A FINE SPRAY, BEING THICKLY COATED WITH A COARSER SPRAY.



4. BEFORE TREATMENT BY A PROCESS OF PRESERVATION: PART OF A WALL SURFACE IN THE ABBEY CHAPTER HOUSE, ON WHICH FAINT OUTLINES OF SOME HEADS WERE JUST VISIBLE—A CLOSE VIEW.



5. AFTER TREATMENT: THE SAME PANEL AS SEEN ABOVE IN FIG. 4, SHOWING THE HEADS BELIEVED TO BE PORTRAITS OF KINGS—THE CENTRAL BEARDED FACE VERY POSSIBLY EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

The mediæval wall-paintings in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey have recently been subjected to a process of cleaning and preservation with very successful results. The Chapter House was built by Henry III. about 1250, and the Commons held their meetings in it until 1547, when Edward VI. granted them the use of St. Stephen's Chapel. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries the Chapter House became Crown property, and hence is under the control of the Office of Works. The date of the paintings is not definitely fixed. Those known as "The Doom," finer than the rest, are ascribed to the early fourteenth century; others, illustrating the Apocalypse and life of St. John, to the late

fourteenth century. Examination of the wall surfaces showed that an oil medium had been used—possibly one of the earliest examples in this country. A coat of gesso had first been applied, but the stone had in places decayed. Before treatment the pictures presented a uniformly grey surface, with a few outlines dimly visible. To fix the surface for cleaning, a wax dissolved in a solvent was sprayed on to the wall, acting as an adhesive to loose and friable flakes when they were pressed back into position. The solvents used for cleaning included alcohol, benzene, turpentine, and pyridine. Under this process some of the pigments became astonishingly brilliant, especially reds, blues, and greens.

THE ROMNEY CONTROVERSY: THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S PICTURE, AND THAT SOLD IN NEW YORK FOR £40,000.



THE PICTURE SOLD IN AMERICA, AS A ROMNEY, FOR £40,000, AND TAKEN BACK AFTER THE DISCOVERY THAT THE PRESENT DUKE STILL HAS THE ORIGINAL IN HIS POSSESSION: "ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND."

A sensational art controversy (briefly noted under photographs in our last issue) has lately arisen over the sale, in America, of a picture purporting to be a portrait by Romney of Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland, and sold last January for £40,000 to Mr. Lawrence F. Fisher, head of the Cadillac Motor Company of Detroit, by Mr. Howard Young, a New York art dealer. Learning that Mr. Fisher intended to present it to the Detroit Art Museum, the Duke of Sutherland wrote to say that the original portrait by Romney was in his possession at Sutton Place, near Guildford. Mr. Young stated that he had already discovered independently that the picture sold was not the original, and had at once taken it back and refunded the purchase money. He then sailed for England, with the picture. He had bought it from Mr. A. L. Nicholson, a well-known London dealer, and Mr. Nicholson in turn immediately offered to refund to Mr. Young the price he paid. At the same time Mr. Nicholson still asserted his belief that the picture was a genuine Romney, and challenged the Duke of Sutherland to allow the Sutton Place portrait to be exhibited beside it, to enable art critics and the public to decide the matter. The Duke, however, declined the



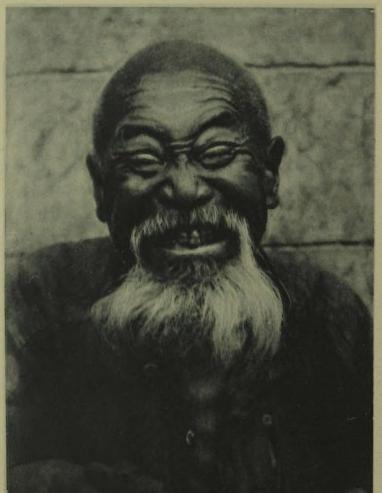
THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AT SUTTON PLACE: "ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND," PRONOUNCED TO BE UNDOUBTEDLY AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY, OF UNDISPUTED AUTHENTICITY.

suggestion, declaring that the authenticity of his own picture had never been doubted, and mentioned that his father, the late Duke, who prized it highly, had had a number of copies made for various members of the family. (One of these, at Hampden House, the Duke's London residence, is reproduced, on our page 602, for purposes of comparison with the above.) The previous history of Mr. Nicholson's picture has been given as follows. Early last year it was included in a sale (by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher) of pictures from Carbisdale Castle, Ross-shire, belonging to the late Mary Caroline, Duchess of Sutherland, and was described as "after Romney." It was bought for £336 by Mr. Nicholson's manager, Mr. Bull. After it had been cleaned, Mr. Nicholson became convinced that it was a genuine Romney, and sold it as such to Mr. Young. "There can be no vestige of doubt," writes the "Daily Mail" art critic, "that the portrait at Sutton Place is an original painting by George Romney. Not having seen Mr. Nicholson's version, I cannot offer an opinion on it. . . . before the arrival of the disputed picture in England. Here is a case, most distinctly, where X-ray photography might be resorted to."

THE UNCHANGING EAST: OLD WARS AND REVOLUTION—



A TYPICAL CHINESE FISHERMAN FROM THE YELLOW SEA, WITH HIS LONG PIPE AND BROAD-BRIMMED HAT.

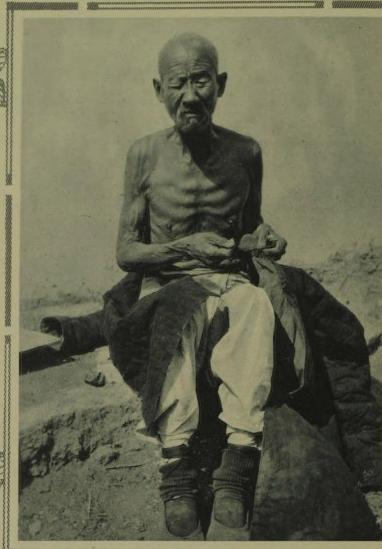


A CHEERFUL BEGGER—PERHAPS AS ACCEPTABLE AS A CHEERFUL GIVER! AN OLD CHINESE WHO EVIDENTLY FINDS MENDICANCY AMUSING.

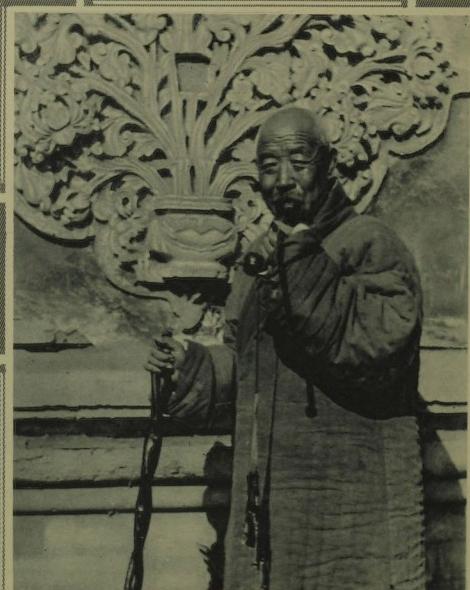
These very striking photographs, illustrating various types of character in China, reach us with only a few words of information on the back of each, which we have amplified, from "internal evidence," in the descriptions given above. Except for the names of two temples, there are no indications of locality, and China is rather an extensive place! One outstanding characteristic of these eight portraits, on the face of them, is an abounding sense of good humour and contentment. The proportion of smiles to frowns is seven to one, and the cause of the single instance of dissatisfaction is perhaps not far to seek. The lugubrious gentleman is apparently engaged in certain attentions to his unsatisfactory garments. No one could be expected to

[Continued opposite]

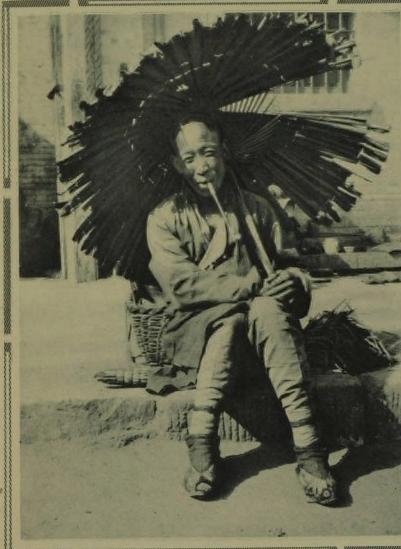
THE ONLY EXPRESSION OF DISCONTENT IN THESE PORTRAITS—PERHAPS WITH GOOD REASON! AN OLD MAN ATTENDING TO HIS GARMENTS.



"THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE BELLS, TA-TSCHUNG-TSE": A GENIAL ECCLESIASTIC FOND OF HIS PIPE.

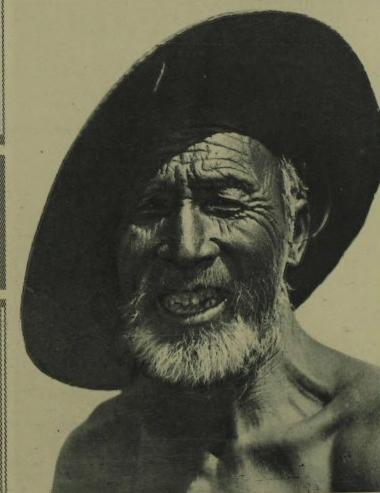


CHINESE TYPES PERSISTING DESPITE SEVEN SMILES AND ONE FROWN!



THE GARLIC-SELLER: A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY ITINERANT VENDOR WITH HIS STOCK-IN-TRADE AND HIS DILAPIDATED UMBRELLA.

RATHER SUGGESTIVE OF A BUST OF SOCRATES—IN SMILING MOOD: THE GUARDIAN OF THE DOOR AT THE WHITE PAGODA TEMPLE.



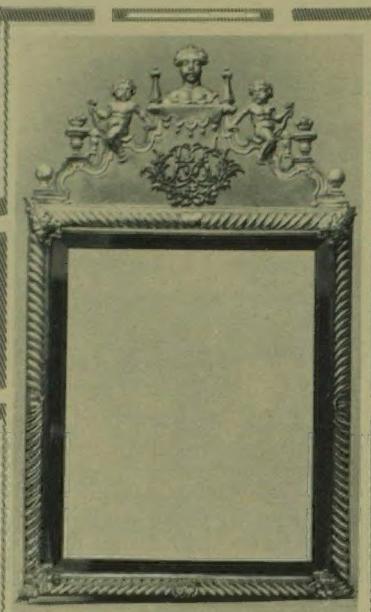
ANOTHER "OLD SALT" FROM THE YELLOW SEA (SIMILAR TO THE SUBJECT OF THE TOP LEFT PHOTOGRAPH): A HUMOROUS, WEATHER-BEATEN FACE.

Continued.] look pleasant in the circumstances. Taking the photographs as a whole, we gather that they indicate a persistence of traditional types and old-time ways even in an age of innovation. We hear much of "changing China," and doubtless there has been considerable change in the big cities; but in the countryside and among the fisher-folk, it would seem, from all accounts, life goes on in many parts of China much as it has done for many centuries past, except for such hardships and misfortunes as must arise from political chaos and constant civil war. If these portrait studies are typical, they suggest that, in the matter of dress, habits, and occupations, the Revolution of 1912 left untouched many things that have existed in China from time immemorial.

TREASURES OF ANTIQUE ENGLISH SILVER;



1. OF THE JAMES II. PERIOD : A SILVER-GILT PORRINGER AND COVER ENGRAVED WITH THE CORBET ARMS, 1685—ASTLEY COLLECTION. (8½ IN. HIGH ; 7½ IN. DIAMETER.)



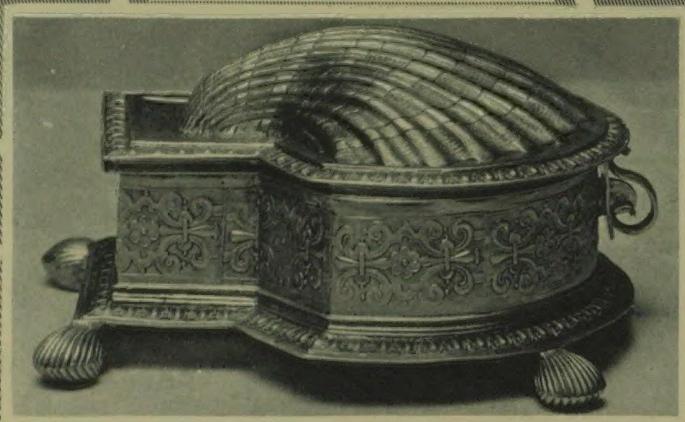
2. FROM A WILLIAM AND MARY TOILET SERVICE BY ANTHONY NELME, 1691 : A SILVER MIRROR FROM THE ASTLEY COLLECTION.



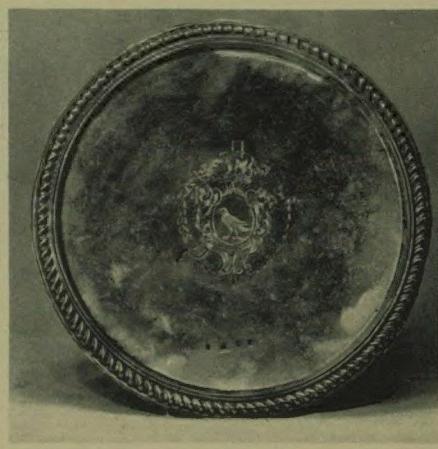
3. OF THE CHARLES II. PERIOD : A SILVER-GILT PORRINGER AND COVER WITH THE ARMS OF CORBET IMPALING BRIDGEMAN, 1672—ASTLEY COLLECTION. (7 IN. HIGH ; 7½ IN. DIAM.)



4. OF THE GEORGE I. PERIOD : A SILVER SALVER ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF CAMPBELL, EARL OF BREADALBANE, BY DAVID WILLAUME, 1722. (23 IN. DIAM.)



5. OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD : A SILVER-GILT SPICE-BOX AND COVER, SHELL-SHAPED AND SUPPORTED ON SHELL FEET, DATED 1598, FROM THE BETHELL COLLECTION. (6½ IN. LONG ; 5½ IN. WIDE.)



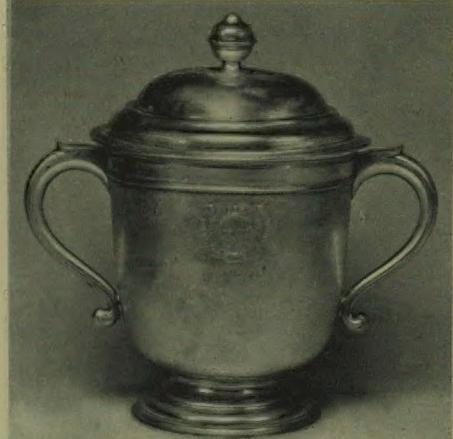
6. OF THE CHARLES II. PERIOD : A SILVER-GILT TAZZA, ENGRAVED WITH THE CORBET ARMS, DATED 1684, FROM THE ASTLEY COLLECTION. (14½ IN. DIAM.)



7. WILLIAM III. SILVER : THE KIPLINGCOATES CUP, ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF BETHELL IMPALING PARKER, BY WILLIAM BUSFIELD, YORK, 1701. (7½ IN. HIGH ; 7½ IN. DIAM.)



8. VENETIAN WORK OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY : A SILVER-GILT FIGURE OF A LION FROM THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOHN NOBLE, BT.



9. OF THE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD : THE SALTBY FREE PLATE CUP, 1708, OF SILVER, ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF BETHELL IMPALING PARKER, BY BENJAMIN PYNE. (17½ IN. HIGH ; 10½ IN. DIAM.)

THESE beautiful examples of the art of bygone silversmiths are outstanding attractions in two sales at Christie's, one already held, and one still in prospect. Messrs. Christie arranged to sell on April 10 old English silver plate, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with some foreign silver and old Sheffield plate, the property of Mr. Reginald Astley, of Alresford. The original owner of the toilet service (shown in Figs. 2 and 10) was Judith, daughter of Sir John Bridgeman, Bt., of Castle Bromwich, great-great-grandfather of Orlando Bridgeman, first Earl of Bradford (created 1815). This Judith [Continued opposite.]



10. THE WILLIAM AND MARY SILVER TOILET SERVICE TO WHICH BELONGS THE MIRROR SHOWN IN FIG. 2: THREE PAIRS OF TOILET-BOXES (OBLONG AND CIRCULAR), PAIRS OF TWO-HANDED PORRingers, SQUARE SCENT-BOTTLES, TOILET-POTS, BRUSHES, TAZZE, AND CANDLESTICKS, AN EXTINGUISHER, AND A PIN-CUSHION.

Bridgeman married Captain Richard Corbet, son of Richard Corbet, the brother of Sir Vincent Corbet, Bt., whom he succeeded in the estates of Moreton Corbet in 1688. Captain Richard succeeded his father in 1690.

The toilet service was included in the recent exhibition at Lansdowne House. On April 24, Messrs. Christie will offer for sale old English gold and silver plate, belonging to Captain Adrian Bethell, of Rise Park, Hull, with some old English silver from various private sources, and a Venetian fifteenth century example [Continued below.]

Continued.

(Fig. 8). The cup shown in Fig. 9 is inscribed "Saltby Free Plate, given by the Duke of Rutland in September 1708." As to the arms on the salver (from the Bethell collection) in Fig. 4, it may be noted that John Campbell, third Earl

of Breadalbane, became British Minister at Copenhagen in 1720 and at St. Petersburg in 1731, was M.P. for Saltash, 1727-41, and for Oxford, 1741-6, and a Lord of the Admiralty 1741-2. He married, as his second wife, Arabella Pershall.

A "MYSTERY" SOLVED: WHERE THE "WIRELESS" APPLAUSE COMES FROM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



BROADCASTING VARIETY FROM 2 LO (LONDON): A PRIVILEGED AUDIENCE IN A B.B.C. STUDIO APPLAUDING A SINGER AT THE MICROPHONE AFTER HER "TURN"; AND TECHNICAL LISTENERS IN A SOUND-PROOF CABINET (BACKGROUND).

Variety artists who broadcast from London usually face a visible audience actually in the studio, and consisting, as a rule, of their own friends, listeners invited by the B.B.C., and members of the staff. There is a huge waiting list of listeners who have applied for this experience, and invitations are usually sent out in rotation, preference only being given to visitors to London from the Dominions and the provinces. Foreign visitors also are occasionally privileged in this way. The drawing shows a typical audience applauding a "turn" just finished. The singer (a woman) stands facing the microphone, and the announcer at her side

approaches to broadcast a description of the next item. Artists awaiting their "turns" are seated on the right. Behind the microphone is the sound-proof silence cabinet where the technicians hear the programme through headphones as it is broadcast, detecting and correcting any fault. These technicians do not hear the music direct, but through the broadcasting mechanism in the same way as outside listeners. The orchestra is in the foreground. Above the door a red light glows, warning all present that any sound in the curtained studio is heard by millions of listeners.

Where Baz Ruled and Rupmati Loved: Mandu.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"MANDU: THE CITY OF JOY." By G. YAZDANI.*

(PRINTED FOR THE DHAR STATE BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD.)

MANDU—Shadiabad—the City of Joy. There Kings ruled; there Kings built; there Kings fought and feasted; there Kings loved; and there the mighty Akbar caused it to be written on the wall: "At dawn I noticed an owl roosting in the balcony of Shirwan Shah; Plainly it uttered this warning, 'Where all that Pomp and where all that Glory?'"

Alamgir, "the monarch of the world"; Nasir-ud-Din, Dilawar Khan, "the axis of the law of the Prophet, the

one feature the similarity is very marked—that is, in the form of the domes, which closely resemble the false wooden domes of Palestine and Syria; and the flat ribs carved on the domes of the Mosque of Mandu make that similarity all the more complete."

Then must be mentioned the Ashrafi Mahall, "the edifice beautiful as a gold mohur," and the marble mausoleum of Mahmud Khalji—each, like the tomb of Hoshang and the Jami' Masjid, in the "classical" style of Mandu.

And so to the Jahaz Mahall, the Ship Palace, long and slender and washed by the waters, possibly an abode for the bounteous harem of Ghiyath-ud-Din; the Hindola Mahall, the Swing Palace, "so styled on account of the great slope of its side walls, which make one think the building is 'swinging'"; the Mosque of Malik Mughith; the Caravan Sarai; the Hathi Mahall, the Elephant's Palace—thanks to its thick, stumpy columns; La'l Mahall, the Ruby Palace, now, less romantically, the Lal Bungalow; "Blue Throat Palace," named in allusion to Siva. But I must not emulate a catalogue. Suffice it to add that romantic reservoir, the Riwa Kund, the Palace of Baz Bahadur, and the Pavilions of Rupmati, for with these is associated the tale of Baz and the Beauty, the Beauty who is "The Lady of the Lotus" to Crump and "a celebrated courtesan of that age" to Yazdani, who, however, quotes the legend of Riwa Kund, from the "Journal" of the Royal Asiatic Society: "Baz Bahadur was one day hunting in the forest bordering the right bank of the Narbada. Having outridden all his retinue, he was in eager pursuit, when his ear was attracted by the most exquisite flood of melody

from a neighbouring glade. He followed the sound, and soon reached the spot, where, seated 'neath a *bargat* tree, a young Hindu maiden was singing to the woods and to the deer and birds which had thronged thither to listen to her voice. . . . He strove to win her heart and hand. The first was speedily his, but the splendid lot to which he wooed her could not tempt her to dishonour the sacred race from which she sprang. She replied to all his overtures: 'When the Narbada shall flow through Mandu, I will be thy bride, but not till then.' Baz Bahadur determined that the river should obey the voice of love and climb the mountain height. He assembled the strength of his kingdom, axe in hand, to try the force of art. The river god, dreading to measure his strength against the majesty of love, rose before the astonished people in the form of a giant whose forehead was lost in the skies. 'Desist,' he cried, 'from thy rash attempt, but receive the well-merited reward of thy love. Repair to Mandu, to a spot which overlooks our flood, search there for our sacred tamarisk and dig wherever it is found. Beneath it, thou shalt come to a pure spring which, being tributary to us, is part of our divinity. Thither bear thy bride, to live, as she has often sworn to live, upon the borders of her natal river.' The King obeyed. He found the tamarisk and the spring; he dug the reservoir; he built near it a palace, and constructed a fine aqueduct to lead the waters of the fountain to the baths of the palace." Alas that Rupmati should ever have had to lament, while her husband revelled with another: "Dead is the day when thou wast one with me As I with thee. Now, I am I and thou art thou again: Not one but twain. What cause gave we for thy malignity, O Destiny?"† Alas that the conqueror should come: "A eunuch of Baz Bahadur wounded Rupmati with a sword, to prevent her falling into the hands of strangers; and, when Adam Khan summoned her to his presence, she committed suicide by poisoning herself."

Thus runs the story. There are others that bear it company. Hear that of Ghiyath-ud-Din. "On taking up the reins of government, he declared that he would now yield up the sword to his son and pass his life in peaceful pursuits. Historians have painted his character in contradictory lights, accentuating the traits of his soft, compassionate nature. He had undoubtedly a peculiar fancy for women, and established within his seraglio all the separate offices of a court, and had at one time fifteen thousand women in his service. Firishta writes: 'Among these were school-mistresses, musicians, dancers, embroiderers; women to read prayers, and persons of all professions and trades. Five hundred beautiful young Turki females in men's clothes, and clad in uniform, armed with bows and quivers, stood on his right hand, and were called the Turki guard. On his left were five hundred Abyssinian females also dressed in uniform and armed with fire-arms.' Truly, the progressive East! "But notwithstanding this extraordinary fancy, Ghiyath-ud-Din was a deeply religious man, and never missed his daily

prayers, nor did he ever taste wine or any intoxicating drug."

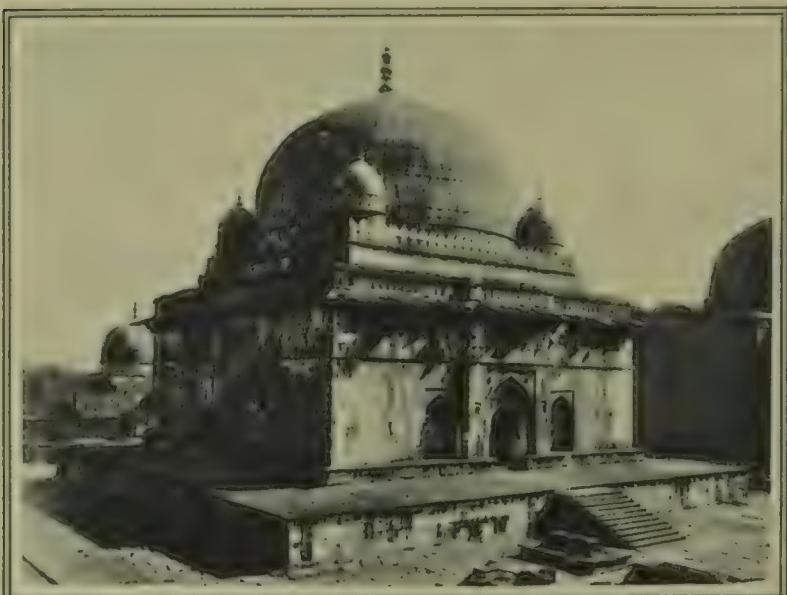
Which is more than can be said for the gem-encrusted Jahangir, who drank to his nobles in his royal wine and to the Lord Ambassador and, at least, did not discourage the excesses of his guests. Could anything else be expected of one who rewarded the prowess of his wife, Nur Jahan Begam, in killing four tigers with six shots, by giving her diamond bracelets valued at a hundred thousand rupees, and by scattering a thousand *ashrafis* over her? Could aught else be anticipated in the case of a ruler whose birthday-weighting Campbell depicts thus: "The scales were of beaten gold set with many small stones, as rubies and turquoise. They were hung by chains of gold large and massive, but strengthened by silken ropes. The beam and tressels from which the scales hung were covered with thin plates of gold. All round were the nobles of the court seated on rich carpets waiting for the King. He came laden with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and other precious vanities, making a great and glorious show. His swords, targets, and throne were equally rich and splendid. His head, neck, breast, and arms above the elbow and at the wrist were decked with chains of precious stones, and every finger had two or three rich rings. His legs were, as it were, fettered with chains of diamonds and rubies as large as walnuts and amazingly large pearls. . . . To counterpoise his weight bags said to contain Rs. 9000 in silver were changed six times. After this he was weighed against bags containing gold, jewels, and precious stones. Then against cloth of gold, silk stuffs, cotton goods, spices, and all commodities. Last of all against meal, butter, and corn. Except the silver, which was reserved for the poor, all was said to be distributed to Baniahs (that is, Brahmins)."

And to-day: "The forces of Nature have wrought havoc most relentlessly among these luxurious retreats of the Kings of Malwa, and the visitor will notice a giant *pipal* or a ghoulish banyan occupying the site where once stood a noble structure, and holding in its branches high in the air some fragments of the masonry of its victim."

Well it is that the archaeologists of the British raj and the Maharaja and the authorities of Dhar should have devoted, and should still devote, so much energy and attention to the work of preservation. Well it is that the enthusiastic Mr. Yazdani should have been able to realise a dream by exploring the Pleasure City. To the former we owe the "re-setting" of "the monuments of Mandu, the brightest jewels of the architecture of India"; to the latter we are indebted for a guide that is far removed from the customary list of hotels and asterisked "sights," and is illustrated both excellently and fully. Mandu should now be more than a name to the general.

The whole life may well be spent over handling clay and water
That perchance the godly person stay here for a while.

E. H. G.



THE TOMB OF HOSHANG, WHOSE VERY STONES WERE SAID TO WEEP:
A FINE STRUCTURE, IN THE "CLASSICAL" STYLE OF MANDU, WHICH
DATES FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Reproduced from "Mandu," by Courtesy of the Author and the Dhar State.

support of the expanse of the Universe, high as heaven and an angel in appearance"; "the Khan of the seven climes and nine regions"; Hoshang Shah, whose very tomb shed tears for him; Ghiyath-ud-Din, pioneer of the "equal chance" for women, fifteen thousand women; Baz Bahadur, without whom the day was dead to the fair Rupmati; "the great Sultan, the most just and benevolent monarch, the lord of the kings of Arab and non-Arab countries, the shadow of God in both the worlds, the master of the sea and land, the hoister of the standards of holy wars and campaigns, Abu-l-Fath Jalal-ud-Din Muhammad Akbar, the victorious king." These and their peers are illustrious ashes. Time and "the rage of besiegers" have reduced the proud fort to relies in ragged verdure and scarred structures void of human life. Tigers are sovereigns in the secluded dales. Panther and bear are a-prowl. The lizard *Guhaira* scuttles poisonously; and *Kala nag*, the black cobra, coils venomously in the way.

But Imperial Government and the Dhar Darbar clear and conserve; and the curious may wander fear-free: "a special taxi-cab for Mandu" can be engaged at Mhow Station or Indore! There are storied stones to see. And there are tales told. Of the stones the book with which I deal has much to say; of the tales less, if enough to attract those to whom Architecture is one of the stranger, less intimate arts. Yet Mr. Yazdani writes awfully for "the ordinary visitor" and acts as amiable and learned guide, rather than as prosy and pedantic professor. Having him at hand, the tourist will have no need to call upon Pir Ghaib, the "invisible saint" who materialises to help travellers in distress: he will realise at once that "no endeavour has been spared to present . . . a clear account of the monuments"; and be satisfied accordingly.

The monuments: it sounds gloomy; but in reality, like all fine buildings, those of Mandu are very vital, very individual. Let me cite a few; from the "classical" to the "mediaeval." The tomb of Hoshang, the Sultan who made Mandu 'not only one of the most impregnable forts of India, but also a magnificent city,' is splendid enough to have drawn to itself four architects of the court of Shahjahan, who made a pilgrimage in 1659, "to show their reverence to the master builders of the place." And in front of it is the Jami' Masjid, the Great Mosque, concerning which a point. "According to the inscription carved on the doorway of the Mosque, it was begun by Hoshang and completed by Mahmud Khalji in 858 H. (A.D. 1454). The right half of the inscriptive tablet is missing, but a work entitled 'Tuzuk-i-Afghani, Armaghan-i-Shahjahan' (Agra lithograph, 1293 H.) gives nine out of the total twelve verses of the inscription, and, if the lines missing in the tablet are not the fabrication of the author of the 'Tuzuk,' the eighth verse, declaring 'I have designed it like the Mosque of Damascus,' is of considerable interest. The plan of the Mosque of Mandu, however, does not correspond with that of the Mosque of Damascus, although in at least

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* "Mandu: The City of Joy." By G. Yazdani, M.A., Director of Archaeology in H.E.H. the Nizam's Dominions, and Epigraphist to the Government of India for Moslem Inscriptions. Fully Illustrated. (Printed for the Dhar State at the University Press, Oxford.)

† These lines, credited to Rupmati, are given as translated by Mr. L. M. Crump, author of "The Lady of the Lotus."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HINDOLA MAHALL—THE SWING PALACE—SO CALLED BECAUSE THE SLOPE OF ITS SIDE WALLS GIVES THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BUILDING IS SWINGING.

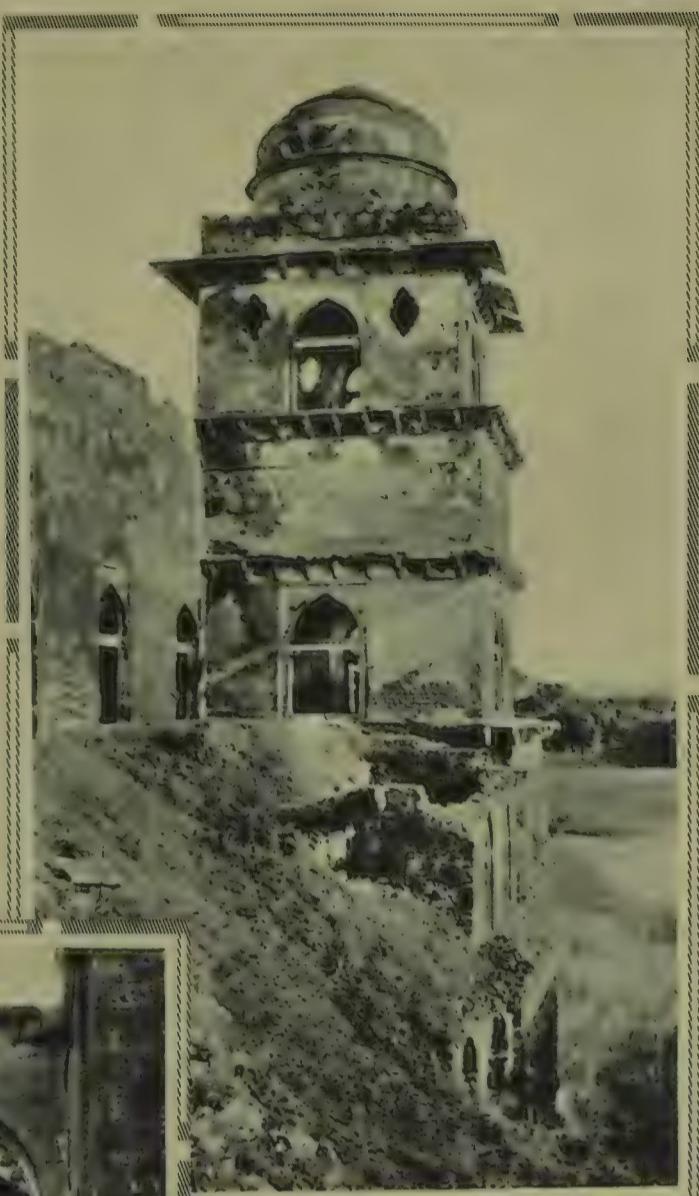
Photograph supplied by T. F. Brook.

WHERE BAZ RULED AND RUPMATI LOVED: IN MANDU, THE CITY OF JOY.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, 3, AND 5 SUPPLIED BY T. F. BROOK; NO. 4 FROM "MANDU," BY COURTESY OF THE DHAR STATE.



THE GLORIOUS "SHIP" FROM WHICH BAZ BAHADUR AND RUPMATI MUST OFT HAVE VIEWED THE LOVELY PLATEAU OF MANDU: THE JAHAZ MAHAL—PROBABLY BUILT BY GHYATH-UD-DIN.
(REIGNED: 1469—1500.)



BY THE WATERS THAT GAVE THE NAME
"SHIP PALACE" TO THE STRUCTURE: A
TOWER OF THE JAHAZ MAHAL.



THE GATE THROUGH WHICH BAZ LED RUPMATI:
THE DELHI DARWAZAH OF MANDU, THE CHIEF
ENTRANCE TO THE FORT.

"WATERS OF THE NARBADA" BROUGHT INTO MANDU,
THAT RUPMATI MIGHT MARRY BAZ BAHADUR, HER WISH
HAVING BEEN FULFILLED: THE RIWA KUND.

To quote Mr. G. Yاردانی's excellent and entertaining book, "Mandu: The City of Joy," an appreciation of which is given on the opposite page: "Few forts can boast of such a situation as Mandu. It stands at the top of an off-shoot of the Vindhyan Range, rising 2079 feet above the sea-level, and separated from the main plateau of Malwa by a deep ravine, which is forested with magnificent trees. . . . The top of the hill, excepting a few knolls . . . is almost flat: it extends three to four miles from north to south and four to five miles from east to west. . . . The history of Mandu in the proper sense begins with the Government of Dilawar Khan, who assumed 'the white canopy and scarlet pavilion of royalty' in the year 804 A.H. (A.D. 1401). . . . The visitor will . . . carry away his own impressions of the noble piles and delightful resorts; but in the effervescence of a joyous mood, or the depression of a pessi-

mistic temper, he should not forget the feelings of the builders of these beautiful edifices which are so clearly expressed in the verse of Shah Budagh Khan on the Nil Kanth Palace: 'The whole of life well spent we deem In building thus, if o'er us gleam Some faintest hope that soul of grace Shall find repose within this place.'"



WHERE, SO TELLS THE STORY, RUPMATI WAS ARRAYED FOR HER WEDDING WITH BAZ BAHADUR: THE HINDOLA MAHAL—with "SWINGING" SIDE WALLS.

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GEMS OF ARCHITECTURE IN CENTRAL INDIA: RELICS OF MANDU.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "MANDU," BY COURTESY OF THE DHAR STATE.



BEGUN BY HOSHANG, AND COMPLETED BY MAHMUD KHALJI IN 1454 A.D.: THE JAMI' MASJID, THE GREAT MOSQUE, CONCERNING WHICH THERE IS THE CLAIM, "I HAVE DESIGNED IT LIKE THE MOSQUE OF DAMASCUS."



ASSOCIATED WITH THE MAIDEN BELOVED OF BAZ BAHADUR: RUPMATI'S PAVILIONS — PROBABLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF A WATCH, IN THE DAYS OF GHIVATH-UD-DIN.



BUILT BY NASIR-UD-DIN IN 1508: THE BUILDING CALLED THE PALACE OF BAZ BAHADUR, WITH WHOM, AND WITH RUPMATI, HIS BELOVED, IT IS ASSOCIATED IN STORY—THE NORTHERN HALL.



THE JAMI' MASJID: THE PULPIT, WHICH, BEING THE WORK OF HINDU SCULPTORS, SEEMS OVER-CARVED IN VIEW OF THE SIMPLE GRACE AND PLAIN DIGNITY OF THE MOSQUE AS A WHOLE.



A VISION OF EXTREMELY GRACEFUL ARCHES AND PILLARS: IN THE PRAYER HALL OF THE JAMI' MASJID, THE GREAT MOSQUE, BEGUN BY HOSHANG, (REIGNED: 1405-32), AND COMPLETED BY MAHMUD KHALJI IN 1454.



IN THE SWING PALACE, THE HINDOLA MAHALL: SIMPLE AND VIGOROUS ARCHITECTURE THAT IS PROBABLY OF THE END OF THE REIGN OF GHIVATH-UD-DIN (THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY).

For full and very interesting details of the buildings illustrated here and on the two preceding pages, reference must be made, of course, to Mr. Yazdani's book, "Mandu." A word or two may be given, however, in amplification of our captions.—Reference to the statement that the Jami' Masjid was designed "like the Mosque of Damascus"—with which, in fact, its plan does not correspond—is made in the Appreciation on page 610. It may be added that "in at least one feature the similarity is very marked . . . the domes . . . closely resemble the false wooden domes of Palestine and Syria; and the flat ribs carved on the domes . . . make that similarity all the more complete."—Of Rupmati's Pavilions it is written: "The pavilions are associated with the name of Rupmati, who may have come for her daily *darshan* of the sacred stream of the Narbada, winding about like a white serpent in the plains below. The form of the pillars, however, which are square, and also the proportions of the arches, suggest that the pavilions were built over a

century earlier than Rupmati's time."—As to "Baz Bahadur's Palace": "Baz Bahadur evidently took a fancy to the Palace on account of its proximity to the Riwa Kund, which must have been a place of frequent pilgrimage for his lady love, the sweet Rupmati."

AMAZING STONE AGE ART: A WART-HOG PETROGLYPHED.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW: A WONDERFULLY VIGOROUS AND REALISTIC PETROGLYPH (OR ROCK-ENGRAVING) OF A CHARGING WART-HOG, WITH TAIL UP, DISCOVERED AT DELAREY IN THE WESTERN TRANSVAAL AND AScribed TO THE UPPER PALÆOLITHIC PERIOD. (LENGTH, 9½ INCHES.)



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PREHISTORIC PETROGLYPH ABOVE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A WART-HOG, TAKEN FROM A MOTOR-CAR GOING AT A SPEED OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR, IN KENYA COLONY—SHOWING THE ANIMAL, WITH TAIL ERECT (AS IN THE PETROGLYPH), KEEPING PACE WITH THE CAR.

In sending the upper (hitherto unpublished) photograph, Mr. Herbert Lang writes: "This remarkable example of petrographic art, now in the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, was discovered at Delarey, in the Western Transvaal. Rarely does art present a more forceful message. This galloping boar (*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*) will recall to sportsmen delightful reminiscences of the African wilderness. No select Carrara marble, but a rude, imperishably hard, volcanic block was trusted to preserve for future ages the Stone Age man's devotion to art. Amusing is the action of the long, slender tail. It is the wart-hog's danger signal. After the first snorts, the tail becomes rigid, and at the certainty of danger, when the hog starts to bolt, it is raised like a flagpole. In old boars, only the very tip, with

its short, terminal bristles, acts as the tiniest of flags. Millais in his famous sketches, 'Breath from the Veld,' is not wrong when he claims that the tip has a forward direction, 'like an ear of barley.' Our artist's reputation is saved, as I have seen it wobble both ways. An unusually realistic effect is created by turning the head slightly to show the outlines of both tusks and the broad snout, instead of presenting them in profile, the more elementary and traditional method. For economy and power of modelling, the impressive vivacity could hardly be equalled. Faint marks of the fluttering mane about the forehead, shoulder, and back were evidently scratched into the rock." The lower photograph has been reproduced, for comparison, from our issue of August 27, 1927.



SOUTH AFRICA AS THE CRADLE OF ART:

THE STONE-AGE PETROGLYPHS OF THE TRANSVAAL—MASTERPIECES OF AN EARLY "GOLDEN AGE" IN PREHISTORIC SCULPTURE.

By HERBERT LANG. Former Associate Curator of Mammalogy, American Museum of Natural History, New York.
(See Illustrations on Pages 613 and 615.)

MYSTICISM among primitives need not follow rules of logic. As I stated in a previous

article (published in our issue of April 6), deep-rooted mystic beliefs were probably the corner-stones of petroglyphic sculpture. They helped to turn it into a naturalistic art. That its evolution included a long line of predecessors depending on well-established superstitions and their satellites of more or less obscure symbols can hardly be doubted. What better evidence could be presented than the mystic signs among the oldest petroglyphs and their ready acceptance by much later cultures? Some of these symbols are so problematic that no interpretation has been suggested. Others have been connected with some sort of solar cult. These are of a peculiar, disc-like form or have a varying number of single or double radiations which extend from a solid centre or from as many as four concentric rings. In most cases the radial spokes do not exceed eleven, but as many as eighteen have been recorded. Mr. Austin Roberts recently described an altar, or ceremonial setting, in connection with them. From the variety of these designs in detail and size, it might be concluded that, even in those early times, such superstitious beliefs covered a wide field or differed considerably.

Myths of the brilliant, ever-radiant sun are universally known. In Egypt they engendered one of the dominating beliefs. Who is there who has lived in the drier regions of Africa who cannot understand readily that the sun has reigned as the supreme natural force from the dawn of human history? As the most powerful regulator of life, it extends almost daily its manifold blessings. It fosters fertility, but may also be the harbinger of desolation, suffering, and death. The coming of summer and winter, the changes from rich pastures to despairing drought, are vital factors in the life of people hunting herds of game.

As the next stage in petroglyphic culture, the rude graffiti of feet and hands may well be considered. African folklore to this day keeps alive the tale that these deep imprints hammered in the rock mark the actual footsteps of some ancestral hero. In South Africa such figures belong to the very oldest of rock engravings. To consider them the predecessors of petroglyphs representing live creatures seems justified.

The Australian natives, and even the Eskimo, draw pictures of the animals they desire to hunt and perform rites insuring success, much as the Cro-Magnon of Western Europe, the Capsian of North Africa, and the "Boskop" of the

Transvaal fashioned their petroglyphic figures. Did the Neanthropic people of the Transvaal consider these animal sculptures a highly satisfactory means of intercession with their tutelary spirits for much desired blessings? Without encouragement from their fellow men, these artists, whose output was probably dominated by witch-doctors, could not have maintained their prestige, nor would they have continued for so many thousands of years to aspire and achieve steadily greater perfection. Fruitful must have been the attempts to influence the vacillating fortunes of destiny. Else these artist-sorcerers would never have insisted on hammering their masterpieces into a stone so hard that it gives forth a bell-like, metallic sound when struck in a certain manner. Through the unpromising brownish patina, seldom more than two millimetres in thickness, they reached the beautiful, slate-blue inner portion of the otherwise unostentatious volcanic boulders.

Whoever first made use of the coloured inner portion of these basaltic rocks discovered a way of rendering these petroglyphs strongly conspicuous. This proved a matter of great importance for the further progress of this art,

as its North African and West European evolutionary stages indicate.

A striking appearance may have been essential to success in these symbolic pictures connected with this African open-air cult. These Transvaal monuments proved to be as permanent as any yet designed. Their vivid grace must have retained its original freshness for many generations, since in Egypt some similar pictographs, reputed to be about five thousand years old, still look fresh. Perhaps to this prettily-tinted, though unwieldy material is due in part the fine development of this lithic sculpture in the Western Transvaal. If one has seen the colourful sunrises and sunsets of South Africa when they pour out in generous profusion their gorgeous, ever-changing hues, it becomes clear how in olden times these sculptures blazoned forth entrancingly, framed by the rusty-red patina, like a glowing mass of pink, red, or gold, to which deep purple shadows added relief. Perhaps, in this direction, the way was led by the first phases of the later widely extended solar cult.

Of vital importance in the study of these remarkably artistic productions are the deeply imbedded human characteristics of their primitive makers. The work on

adaptable and strong turn of mind of these primitive men allowed them to achieve these magnificent results in a clearly defined intaglio process, in spite of what may be considered inadequate tools and unsuitably hard stones to work upon.

Even at these early beginnings the higher attainments of this art depended upon the individual gifts of expression. The variety of subjects, the poses chosen, the cleverness of compositions, prove the individual traits among artists. Though the general uniformity is striking, the manner of chipping demonstrates clearly the relative adaptability and difference of talent. The stone "chisels" were already handled by the delicate impulses of artistic temperament. One can study the meticulous care of the stickler for details as well as the Rodin-like boldness for effect.

When comparing the best petroglyphic art and its general environmental features in South Africa with the similar phases and conditions from North Africa, fundamental resemblances and great contrasts can be pointed out. In North Africa communities of primitive hunters which, according to Obermaier, were probably historically older

than the Cro-Magnons, also selected highland regions rich in game, as in South Africa. They practised essentially the same open-air cult, in which mystic symbols and, particularly, sculptured animals played an important part. Here, the larger and smoother rock-surfaces contributed to increase the size and conspicuousness of these stone engravings; such circumstances may ultimately have resulted in enlisting the gaudiness of colours.

Fortunately, Flaman,^{*} Frobenius, and Obermaier,[†] and others have published a splendid and authoritative series of the North African petroglyphs. It becomes at once apparent that the North and South African art-centres produced relatively the same complex diffusion of inferior pieces as is inspired by any important culture. This high-class Transvaal art stands out from the rest of all known petroglyphs as obviously as the relatively short period of the zenith of Greek art towers over other similar achievements. The later, poorly made petroglyphs, by their inferiority, still add to the importance of these most ancient of sculptors. Nothing could furnish a greater contrast than the many ungainly fringes of such secondary, decadent attempts. These are, of course, more typical of South Africa on account of the absence of the continuous influx of migrations which have been characteristic of Western Europe and brought about a more

rapid evolution of cultures. Such poor imitations of petroglyphic art as may be traced in South Africa merely illustrate the inborn aping spirit of man. The gradual decline of any culture is certain to take place whenever the adequate succession of great leaders is interrupted. Art especially will suffer by the neglect of diligent observation of nature and the decay of such flourishing conditions as sustain and encourage master craftsmen.

In any closer scrutiny of the North and South African petroglyphic art, one should compare only the old figures of the Transvaal with those from Algeria, which, on account of their patina and for other reasons, Flaman, Pömel, Frobenius, Obermaier and others have designated as the oldest. Foremost among them are the famous petroglyphs representing the extinct gigantic buffalo (*Bubalus antiquus*) from Ksar Amar, about 280 miles south-east of Oran. The northern compositions reveal a more artistic element, but they cannot compare in detailed, naturalistic execution.

[Continued on page 648.]



A FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN SITE OF STONE AGE ART: A KOPJE BESIDE THE HARTS RIVER (S.W. TRANSVAAL)—SHOWING A ROCK DESIGN OF AN ELAND WITH HUMAN FIGURES, AND (ABOVE ON RIGHT) MR. C. J. SWIERSTRA, DIRECTOR OF THE TRANSVAAL MUSEUM.

"Mr. C. J. Swierstra," writes Mr. Herbert Lang, "was the first scientist to explore these regions in quest of petroglyphs. In ancient times outcropping stones served evidently as open-air galleries for the exhibition of these primitive sculptures (and probably) as sacred shrines from which the ancient artists hoped to influence favourably the results of the chase. The chalked design of an eland, preceded and followed by people, is inferior in craftsmanship. Nearly all petroglyphs with human groups appear to be of a later date than the better petroglyphs representing only single animals. Among the stones on this kopje was a fine bas-relief of a feeding giraffe. The famous slab with the White Rhinoceros attended by tick-birds (illustrated in our issue of July 14, 1928), was discovered below the accumulated sand of a former game trail between this and another kopje. Much of the alluvial portion of this country, south and west, has proved to be rich in diamonds, and has been the scene of many adventurous enterprises and unexpected successes."

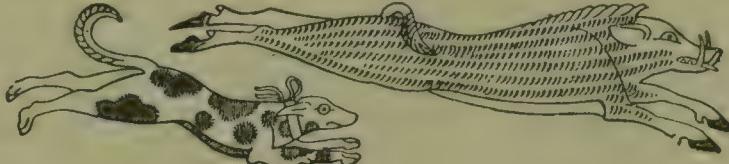
the fine Transvaal petroglyphs indicates a firm, sober, and yet alert character. These men had mastered the discipline of thinking. Even Aristotle would have been pleased with their solid education in the natural history of wild creatures. An orderly mind, trained to judge, insisted upon definite effects. It needed extraordinary perseverance and unflinching determination to handle, for sculptural purposes, so excessively hard and difficult a material as the rude blocks of crystalline diabase. Doubly great admiration is due to these early men who, using such a refractory material, successfully reproduced in plastic form the mental records of their careful observations from nature. One can never draw too much attention to the well-balanced, harmonious effect and the perfect and uniform finish of the best of these "bas-reliefs." This exacting care constitutes an important part of the psychological criterion defining the mentality of these early artists. They achieved their purpose by a relatively simple technique of hammer-like concussions with no other tools but skilfully splintered stones. These, by the very nature of available materials, wore out rapidly, and had constantly to be renewed. The

* 1921, "Les Pierres Écrites." † 1925, "Hadscha Maktuba."

PARALLELS TO THE WART-HOG PETROGLYPH: LIFE; PREHISTORIC ART.



1. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE STONE AGE PETROGLYPH OF A CHARGING WART-HOG (SHOWN ON PAGE 613) LATELY DISCOVERED IN THE SAME PROVINCE OF SOUTH AFRICA: A TRIO OF LIVING SPECIMENS DRINKING AT A POOL IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, NORTH-EASTERN TRANSVAAL.



2. AN ARCHAIC GREEK PARALLEL TO THE TRANSVAAL PETROGLYPH OF A CHARGING WART-HOG: A FRESCO IN THE PALACE OF TIRYNS—A WILD BOAR CHASED BY A DOG.



3. A PARALLEL TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN STONE AGE "WART-HOG" IN THE STONE AGE ART OF SPAIN: A 25,000-YEAR-OLD ROCK-PAINTING OF A GALLOPING BOAR, FROM THE ALTAMIRA CAVE.

These illustrations are given for comparison with those on page 613, and with Mr. Herbert Lang's article on page 614. In a note on No. 1, he writes: "Instead of wandering about hesitatingly for hours before drinking, as the wildebeest, waterbuck, kudu, and zebra often do, these wart-hogs trust boldly to their sense of smell by going direct to the water. The fear of the lion did not cow this leading boar. They are essentially diurnal, but may doze for a few hours in the denser vegetation. At night they retire to one of the old burrows of the aard-vark (*Orycteropus*), which they enlarge, entering backwards, so that when rushing out their tusks are ready for a foe." No. 2 is a drawing from "Prehistoric Man," by J. de Morgan (p. 221). No. 3 (reproduced from our issue of August 10,

1912) is one of the coloured drawings by the Abbé Breuil from Palæolithic rock-paintings in the famous Altamira Cave, at Santillane, near Santander. They are from 20,000 to 30,000 years old. The reproductions were published in "La Caverne d'Altamira," by the Abbé Breuil and M. Emile Cartailhac. Comparing this example with the Transvaal "wart-hog" petroglyph, Mr. Herbert Lang says: "This painted European wild boar shows lack of keen observation. The snout, limbs, and rump have not the necessary piggish vigour. The experience which could harmonise the shape of the animal with speedy motion is absent. This craftsman merely emphasised the powerful forepart of the body and perhaps effective coloration. It foreshadows 'Bushman paintings.'"

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"VOLGA, VOLGA," AT THE TIVOLI.

If the silent films were looking for a champion they might well turn to Stenka Rasin, pirate and hero, and the legend of his last adventure. For here, in this big, bold, richly fashioned romance of a bygone age, lurks the real stuff, not only of high enterprise, but also of screen-drama. The director of "Volga, Volga" (which was produced in Germany for British and Foreign Films), M. V. Tourjanski, has a fine story to tell, and tells it in terms of the screen, without giving a thought to "sound-effects" such as eggs fizzling in a pan or of sudden spurts of spoken dialogue. He knows, does M. Tourjanski, how plastic and how varied are the methods of silent story-telling, and he uses them all with a power, a sureness of touch, and a vision that achieve a fascinating, I would say a haunting result. To watch the rhythm and the balance of this exceptionally fine film, to watch the drama moving forward step by step, steadily gathering weight as it goes, borrowing depth and beauty and poise from every possible pictorial angle, until finally it culminates in the splendid surrender of a brave spirit—to watch all this, I say, is to realise wherein lie the true power and the true province of the screen. The quality and texture of the picture are all the more remarkable since the subject-matter is no more high-brow than any other good swashbuckling, buccaneering tale. It does not even turn up its nose at such fire-proof aids to popularity as a delightful small boy, who with his equally delightful small dog joins in Rasin's final and fatal journey down the Volga.

Somewhere in the seventeenth century the down-trodden Russian peasants found a friend in a stalwart outlaw, who journeyed up and down the Volga in his great wooden galley, filling the hearts of the fat boars with dread and emptying their equally fat

the faithful little cabin-boy, kept watch. Disaster piled on disaster, whilst the infatuated pirate flung caution to the wind, until he awoke to find a defiant crew carousing with their women on his decks. To his angry command the retort was flung back—"Obey your own laws." So Stenka Rasin turned and went to the couch where his love lay sleeping and killed her. Then he carried her in his arms through the ranks of his awestruck men, and buried her beneath the waters of the Volga. That night his lieutenant's crowning treachery brought the Government's boats swarming around the *Sokol*, and a terrific battle ensued—a thing of black shadows, and frenzied figures beneath the flare-lights, and of crashing wooden bulwarks, and at length of one mighty figure, lashed to a mast, alone, save for a little dog sitting up in a last salute for his friend. Stenka Rasin went down with his boat to join his princess, and Mother Volga hid the lovers in her breast.

Though "Volga, Volga" ends in tragedy and has its poignant moments on the way—as, for instance, the death of little Kolka in the great drought, broken too late by a welcome rain-storm—it is by no means sombre fare. There is humour in plenty, and there is, above all, a heroic, Viking atmosphere about it. The wind that swells the *Sokol*'s adventurous sails

is strong and heady—full of the joy of life. Great times, great times, when men drank deep and fought lustily, loved largely and died superbly! Very uncomfortable times to live in, no doubt, but how invigorating, stirring, and moving, and altogether satisfactory to behold! Especially when, as in this case, the legend is set in such barbaric splendour, against such opulent backgrounds of rolling cloud and wine-dark shadows. M. Tourjanski has built up his various settings into almost monumental proportions, to which his perfect lighting lends the mellowness of an old masterpiece and the glamour of a tale that has come down the ages. The interpretation of the legend could not have been bettered. Hans Schlettow makes a truly heroic figure of Rasin. A head and shoulders above his fellows, broad of chest and fearless of eye, he conveys the born leader of men, a man of swift action and unbending will, yet with a tender heart for the weak and the helpless. With this finely conceived impersonation Hans Schlettow claims his place in the front rank of

screen actors. He finds a charming partner in Lilian Hall-Davies, who plays the princess with spirit and sincerity. The rascally lieutenant is impressively played by Boris de Fasle, and the well-known actor, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, lends the weight of his personality to the part of the wily Sultan. An admirable and very appealing performance is that of a little boy with a large name, which he really ought to curb if he is to advance as he deserves—Gerstl Stark-Gsettenbauer. Scarcely a universal commodity, a name like that, but the boy is an artist and supplies the finishing touch to M. Tourjanski's beautiful production.

The companion-picture at the Tivoli is the British film, "The Three Kings," recently reviewed

in these columns. Its thoroughly English atmosphere—the major portion of the film was "shot" at Blackpool—provides an excellent contrast to "Volga, Volga."

With Henry Edwards heading an admirable cast, and its entertaining pictures of circus life



"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: (L. TO R.) MR. GEORGE CROSSMITH AS HUGGINS, THE VALET; MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AS SUSIE; AND MR. ERNEST TRUEX, AS GERALD BROOKS. The humours of "The Five o'Clock Girl" are safe in the hands of Mr. George Grossmith, Miss Hermione Baddeley, and Mr. Ernest Trux, while the piece has some beautiful scenes, laid at Pourville and elsewhere, and much fine dancing. The complicated plot turns largely on the theft of an emerald necklace and various love affairs.

behind the scenes as well as in the ring, "The Three Kings," less ambitious both in aim and in scheme though it is, is a thoroughly enjoyable picture, well made and well played.—[Continued on page 644]



"LOVE LIES," AT THE GAIETY: THE BOYS SLEEP OUT TO AVOID TROUBLE—ROLLY (MR. LADDIE CLIFF) AND JACK (MR CYRIL RITCHARD, ABOVE) IN THE TENT, AND JERRY (MR. STANLEY LUPINO) IN THE DOG KENNEL.

The new musical play at the Gaiety, "Love Lies," written and produced by Stanley Lupino and Arthur Rigby, with music by Hal Brody, has many mirthful moments, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Lupino himself, Mr. Laddie Cliff, and Mr. Cyril Ritchard. The "lies" are due to the fact that, just as Rolly has married, his rich uncle, who disapproves of such a step, turns up unexpectedly, as also does Jerry's uncle, who holds opposite views. Jerry accordingly poses as the husband of Rolly's wife. Meanwhile, Jack has masqueraded as Lord Luston, until a real peer of that name arrives.

purses as he passed. The Government waged war on him, the poor blessed his name, little children and animals adored him. On board his ship, the *Sokol*, where his word was absolute law, the penalty for the infringement of his least command was death. And one of his sternest laws banished all women from within the wooden walls of his empire. So when, after the looting of a Persian city, Rasin's treacherous lieutenant smuggled a captured beauty on board, the great pirate should have meted out justice at once. Instead, he took the Princess Zaineb under his own protective wing and fell in love with her. There in his curtained cabin, the mighty Rasin lingered all day wooing a maid as gently as a turtle-dove, whilst mutiny seethed in the hold, and Kolka,



IN MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS'S FIRST PLAY—"THE STAG," AT THE GLOBE: MR. REGINALD OWEN AS VICTOR CONWAY, AND MISS ELISSA LANDI AS MARION TEMPLE.

The hero of "The Stag"—the first dramatic venture of that witty young writer, Mr. Beverley Nichols, is an actor named Victor Conway. He is visiting in Scotland and loves the daughter of the house, Marion Temple, who is in the clutches of Keith Staines, the villain of the piece. During a stalk on a misty day, Keith is shot, ostensibly by mistake. Victor, who is bored by sport, and scares everyone by his handling of a gun, helps to conceal a murder by confessing to having fired the fatal shot, and unselfishly hands over Marion to the man she loves.

THE SOURCE OF ABNORMAL WEATHER: THE SUN—A "HALO" EFFECT.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY M. F. QUÉNISSET ON OCTOBER 8, 1928, AT 2.21 P.M., FROM THE SUHALIA OBSERVATORY (6500 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL) AT ST. MORITZ.



A RARE VIEW OF THE SUN, WHOSE COMING ECLIPSE A BRITISH EXPEDITION WILL STUDY: AN ALPINE SOLAR HALO.

"This remarkable photograph," says a French writer, "shows, on the right, the southern flank of the Pic Albana; in the centre, beyond the Engadine valley and the beautiful lake of Silvaplana, the grand *massif* of the Della Margna; and, on the left, the lower slopes of the Pic Corvatsch. In the sky are clouds known as cirro-stratus, with some fragments of cirrus. Such a halo is formed by the reflection and refraction of sunlight (or moonlight) across the fine ice-needles of which cirro-stratus is composed—very high clouds that generally precede rain when accompanied by a fall of the barometer. This particular halo (44 degrees in diameter) is of the simple type. Under certain conditions of the upper atmosphere, other circles, more or less complicated, may be formed, producing effects of extraordinary beauty." The sun is a subject of special interest just now in view of the total eclipse predicted for May 9, to be seen from a track crossing Sumatra and the Malay States, and an expedition of British scientists is now on its way to Malaya to observe the eclipse, with a view especially to testing Einstein's theory of relativity.

Abnormal weather and meteorological conditions are often attributed to solar influence. Discussing a probable recurrence of the brilliant Aurora Borealis of February 27, Dr. William Lockyer, Director of the Norman Lockyer Observatory, wrote on March 26: "Those phenomena are due to electric or magnetic streams emanating from some very disturbed portion of the solar surface. As the sun is rotating on its axis, this stream may again strike the earth and produce similar phenomena. It takes about twenty-seven days for the same part of the sun to come into the same relative position with the earth, so this repetition may occur, provided the region of solar disturbance is still in active operation." On Good Friday (three days later), it may be recalled, a wonderful "cross" effect was observed in the sunset sky from several places in England, including Ely, Tonbridge, and Maidenhead. It consisted (as described in a letter to the "Times") of "a rosy vertical shaft of light crossed by a horizontal one against a cloudy background." Another correspondent suggested that it was "the famous sign in the sky seen by Constantine."

Our Dogs: Leaves from Cecil Aldin's Sketch-Book—No. I.

DRAWINGS DONE FROM LIFE BY CECIL ALDIN, AUTHOR OF "DOGS OF CHARACTER," "A DOG DAY," ETC. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"A TWO MINUTES SKETCH": CRACKER, A BULL-TERRIER (IN FOREGROUND), AND MIKE, AN IRISH WOLFHOUND, LYING DOWN TOGETHER IN MR. CECIL ALDIN'S STUDIO.

MIKE: THE HEAD OF AN IRISH WOLFHOUND.



THE DALMATIAN PUPPY (IN FOREGROUND) NESTLING AGAINST CRACKER, THE BULL TERRIER.

CRACKER, THE BULL-TERRIER, FINDS THAT MIKE, THE IRISH WOLFHOUND, MAKES A COMFORTABLE PILLOW.



"A CORNER OF MY SOFA": MIKE, THE IRISH WOLFHOUND, TAKING LIFE "AS AISY AS HE CAN."

We begin here a new series of dog studies by that famous animal and sporting artist, Mr. Cecil Aldin, whose name and work are so well known as hardly to need introduction. Suffice it to recall, however, his illustrations to "Pickwick," "Handley Cross," and Kipling's "Jungle" stories, as well as the two books about dogs mentioned above. A word might be added as to the genesis of the drawings that form the present series. Mr. Aldin always has with him in his studio, down Pangbourne way, a number of his favourite dogs, which lie about the room—on the floor, or a sofa or arm-chair—while he works at his easel, and await the



"AN IRISH GENTLEMAN": MIKE, THE IRISH WOLFHOUND, SEEN "IN PROFILE."

happy moment when they will be free for a run out of doors. As they are thus unconsciously posing, he seizes every opportunity to sketch rapidly with his chalks their various attitudes and characteristics. Sometimes it is only a detail, such as a half-open eye, or an ear cocked "on the alert" when the dog is seemingly asleep. Sometimes a promising sketch has to be left unfinished, owing to the "sitter" suddenly changing his position. With such brief indication of their inception, these inimitable studies—and those which will appear in future numbers—may be left to speak for themselves.

"Billy Biter" as a Garden Guest: The Coconut Lure.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY ARTHUR WARDLE, R.I. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS EXHIBITION, 1928. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.
(COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"BLUE TITS," BY ARTHUR WARDLE, R.I.: GAY LITTLE BIRDS EASILY ATTRACTED TO NESTING-BOXES.

The Blue Tit, or Titmouse (*Parus caeruleus*) is one of the best known of our smaller birds. In "The Manual of British Birds," by Howard Saunders, revised by W. E. Clarke (Gurney and Jackson), we read: "The Blue Titmouse makes its nest in April, and generally selects a hole in a wall or a tree, but, exceptionally, curious sites, too numerous to mention, have been recorded. The bird defends its dwelling with great pertinacity, hissing like a snake and pecking at the fingers of the intruder in a way which has gained for it the name of 'Billy Biter.' . . . The eggs, usually seven or eight (though as many as twenty-four are on record), are white, spotted with light red—more minutely

than those of our other Tits. . . . This species and the Great Titmouse may be encouraged to almost any extent by hanging up suitable nesting-boxes. The young are fed largely with larvae of moths and other insects, aphides, spiders, etc., while the parents also prey on the grubs of wood-boring beetles, the maggots from oak-galls, spiders, etc. In summer and autumn the Blue Titmouse does some damage to fruit; but those who have made a special study of its food are of opinion that it is more beneficial than hurtful to fruit-growers. The note is a harsh *chee, chee, chee.*" Another writer speaks of its "laughing call-note," and says it "often exhibits its antics in full view of any passer-by."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THREE was a time when flying was very much "in the air," as being all theory and no practice. To-day it is very much "in the air" both literally and in another sense; that is, as a subject of topical interest. The Prince of Wales, for instance, has "flipped" down to Bognor instead of going by car. Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary for Air, recently inaugurated the first air-mail route to India. Every day we read of new adventures up aloft and of new and ever more wonderful aircraft. At the end of the first quarter of a century of the Air Age, it is interesting to look back on the progress made since Orville Wright accomplished the first aeroplane flight in 1903. Such a retrospect can be obtained through the eyes of one who has watched that progress from the beginning, in "*TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FLYING.*" Impressions, Recollections, and Descriptions. By Harry Harper, Air Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*. With 155 Illustrations. (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.)

Mr. Harper does not profess to have written a formal history of flying. "What I have in mind," he says, "is something different, something more personal, something more alive. . . . It has been my good fortune actually to be an eye-witness of almost all the great flights which have made aerial history. Not only that, but I have known personally most of those pioneers, from the Wright brothers onwards." The author has abundantly fulfilled this promise, for he has given us a book of extraordinary fascination which, once taken up, is very difficult to put down. His first personal impression is that of his interview with Lord Northcliffe when he was chosen from among the young men of the *Daily Mail* to concentrate upon aviation. "I walked out of his Lordship's room with a command to do nothing from that time onwards but study and write about flying. I have managed to carry out those instructions." He was not, however, allowed to fly himself, for, when Blériot offered to take him as a pupil, the idea was turned down with the remark from one of his chiefs: "You would be killed; I am certain of that."

Mr. Harper met the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright at Shepperton in 1905. "It was a memorable experience," he writes, "my first meeting with those two quiet, unassuming men. They were entirely without mannerisms. Their success had not spoiled them. They were polite, frank, perfectly natural. Wilbur was reticent. He spoke less than Orville. He did not believe in miscellaneous talking—'The only bird that talks is the parrot,' was one of his dry observations, 'and it is not a bird of high flight.'"

Very interesting, too, is the personal impression of Blériot when he made the first cross-Channel flight, on July 25, 1909. "There was a really dramatic moment just before he started. Standing up in his little machine, a lonely figure, he peered out across the Channel with a rather perplexed expression. Then he turned to one of the party standing beside the machine and asked, 'Where is Dover?' The airman was taking his life in his hands, and he knew it. Those who cross the Channel to-day, seated in the saloons of big multi-motored aeroplanes, can hardly imagine the perils of that pioneer flight nineteen years ago."

Of another historic air adventure—the London to Manchester flight of 1910, which resolved itself into "a race between Grahame-White and Paulhan with £10,000 as the stake," I have myself a little personal recollection, for I happened to be living then at Hendon, and Louis Paulhan flew over my house. Nowadays that, of course, is not an unusual sight for a householder, but at that time it was a little out of the common. Mr. Harper recalls what Paulhan said just after he had landed at Manchester and won the prize. "I would not make a flight like that again," he declared, "for ten times £10,000. . . . It was really 'touch-and-go' with me, once or twice, just before I landed."

At present the most vital question about aviation is that of its future, which Mr. Harper discusses in a final chapter called "*The Dawn of the Air Age.*" After some dazzling prophecies as to the coming wonders of air travel, he turns to the potential terrors of air warfare. He admits the danger; but, on the other hand, he urges: "In the air age we are now entering upon the world is going to become an extremely small place. We may by degrees adopt one international 'air-way' language. . . . Nations will grow to know each other so well and to respect each other so well that they will shrink from the idea of war. Here, then, seems to lie the salvation of the world, in the development of the air machine as a great and growing means of communication rather than as a weapon of war."

Something of the same optimism appears in another delightful air book, this time by a practical pilot of great distinction, describing the most romantic section of the England-India Empire route, namely, "*THE BAGHDAD AIR MAIL.*" By Wing-Commander Roderic Hill, M.C., A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S., Fellow of University College (Edward Arnold and Co.; 18s.). Referring to the projected service to India (now an accomplished fact), the author writes: "This will be a great step forward to the ultimate connection to Australia. In the last century a poet

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails.

In this we see his vision coming true. Air transport is bringing about by peaceful means an increased sympathy between component parts of an empire such as Alexander dreamt of, but could not build by force."

Wing-Commander Hill's book falls into two main divisions. In the earlier chapters he outlines the history and operations of the Cairo-Baghdad Air Mail route, including the desert track beginning at Amman, the ancient city which David sent Joab to attack and before whose walls Uriah the Hittite was "placed in the forefront of the hottest battle." In this section of the book we learn what

not be surprised at a sheep on either side of him for bed-fellows. I am told that they are more effective in winter than the downiest merino blanket. . . . It is rather an odd feeling, however, to find yourself a long way from anywhere with half-a-dozen Englishmen face to face with perhaps a hundred Bedou armed to the teeth, be they never so friendly." The later portion of the book—about two-thirds of the whole—describes the author's own personal flying experiences, written down during the two years he was stationed in Iraq, and remarkably good reading they are.

One result of aviation, from a literary point of view, is the fact that it has produced almost a new idiom in word-painting. Thus on a flight from Helipolis to Ziza the author writes: "I made some notes in the air on the look of things as we swung up towards the sea. There was purple mist horizon with a little false veil of transparent Indian red-grey across it, and slightly above it. . . . The Mediterranean was as calm as a mill-pond. The desert of sand was all drifted and blown. The prevailing aspect of the land was as if covered with speckled scrub, like dry coffee spilt at random on a table-cloth. Then there were the little dunes, bare, smooth, queer-shaped, like droll question-marks, with occasionally a date-palm grove settled where it could find shelter, and showing black against the sand."

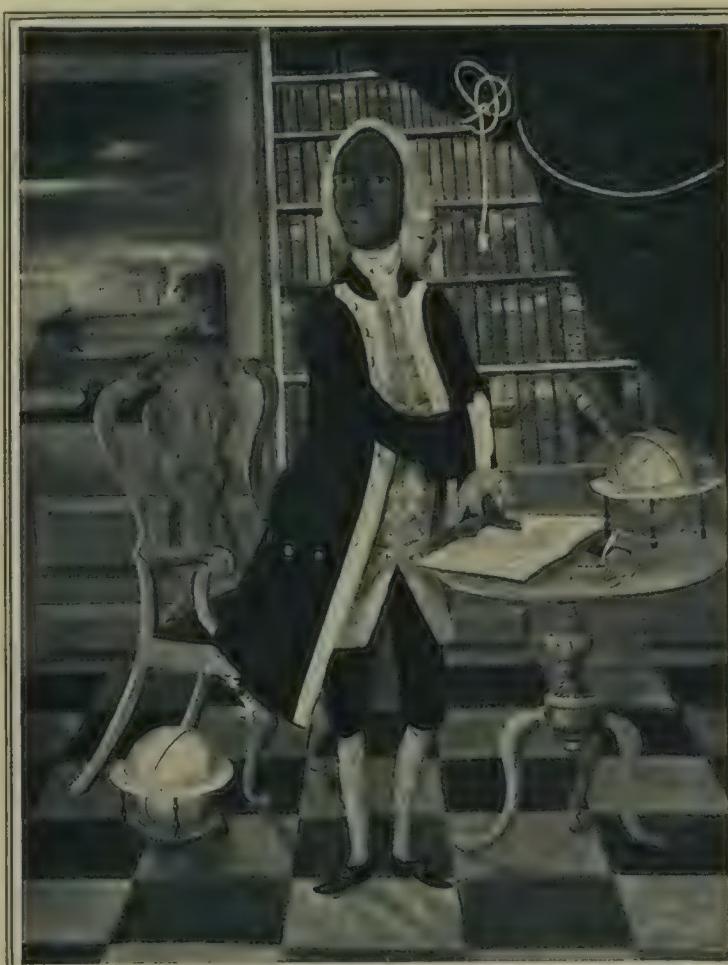
The air has had its share of accidents, but in this respect it does not differ from the land or the sea. The recent report of the Italian Commission of Inquiry into the *Italia* disaster enhances the poignancy (not unmixed with criticism) of "*THE POLAR ADVENTURE.*" The *Italia* Tragedy Seen at Close Quarters. By Odd Arnesen. Translated from the Norwegian by Asta and Rowland Kenney. Illustrated. (Victor Gollancz; 12s. 6d.) The author is a Norwegian journalist who was sent to report the expedition, and it is natural to find him taking the Scandinavian, as distinct from the Italian, point of view. His heroes are Amundsen and Dr. Malngren, the Swedish-Finnish meteorologist on board the airship, of whose heroic death he gives an account that hardly seems to accord with the findings of the Commission. In short, the book is to some extent partisan, but the author's weapon is a quiet irony rather than denunciation. The controversial element does not lessen its attraction for neutral readers.

Two books may be literally "poles asunder," yet in regard to climatic conditions closely akin. Such kinship exists between the last-named work and "*THE SOUTH POLAR TRAIL.*" The Log of Ernest Mills Joyce on the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition. With an Introduction by Hugh Robert Mill. Illustrated (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.). The author—who, by the way, was born in the Coastguard Station at Bognor—served with Sir Ernest Shackleton more than once. High adventure may begin in unlikely places, as we learn from Dr. Mill's introductory account of the author's career. "Early in 1907 Shackleton . . . was looking out of his office window in Regent Street, when he recognised Joyce on the top of a passing omnibus. He sent his secretary in pursuit, and then and there offered his old sledging companion a position on the new *Nimrod* expedition."

It is a later enterprise, however, that of 1914, which is here described. Mr. Joyce was then entrusted with the laying of depôts, at sixty-mile intervals, from the Ross Sea to the Beardmore Glacier, for use by Shackleton's party on their projected return across the Antarctic Continent from the other side. The task was achieved despite appalling hardships and three deaths, but the depôts were never used. "Strung out on the Barrier the chain of depôts still stretches for 300 miles, holding their imperishable food rations, perhaps to save the lives of future explorers." This plain chronicle of fact, which reveals a story of grim pluck and undaunted endurance, makes one realise what Polar exploration actually means.

The romance of travel in various parts of the world continues to bear literary fruit. Among other attractive and well-illustrated books, to be discussed later, may be mentioned "*Beyond the Rockies.*" By Lukin Johnston (Dent; 10s. 6d.); "*The World on One Leg.*" By Ellery Walter (Putnam; 21s.); "*Ten Thousand Miles in Two Continents.*" By Mrs. Patrick Ness (Methuen; 12s. 6d.); "*A Nomad in the South Sudan.*" By Ben Assher. (Witherby; 16s.); "*A Wayfarer in Morocco.*" By Alyss Lowth; and "*A Wayfarer in the Pyrenees.*" (Methuen; 7s. 6d. each.) Ulysses was not the only person who could not "rest from travel."

C. E. B.



RECORDING AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXPERIMENT IN NEGRO EDUCATION, AND LIBRARY FURNITURE AT THAT DATE: A CARICATURE PORTRAIT (IN OILS) OF FRANCIS WILLIAMS, IN HIS LIBRARY AT SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA, ABOUT 1735, BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST—A RECENT GIFT TO THE NATION.

Mr. Clifford Smith, the head of the Furniture Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, writes: "According to Long's 'History of Jamaica' (1774), Francis Williams was born in Jamaica, a son of John and Dorothy Williams, free negroes. John, second Duke of Montagu (1688-1749) is said to have had him educated at an English grammar school, and at Cambridge University. On his return to Jamaica, Williams set up a school at Spanish Town, where this portrait was painted. It afterwards belonged to the author of the 'History of Jamaica,' and remained until recently in the possession of his descendants. It was presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum through the National Art Collections Fund. It is also of interest as illustrating a scholar's library early in the eighteenth century, and has been hung in the Museum beside furniture of the same date and style. On a three-legged table with carved and turned baluster legs are 'Newton's Philosophy,' a celestial globe, a pewter inkstand, a box, and compasses. Behind are book-shelves with works by Newton, Locke, Cowley, Boyle, Bacon, Sherlock, and Rapin. On the left is a walnut arm-chair with tall back and shaped splat carved above with a shell, and having cabriole legs. On the floor is another globe inscribed 'The Western or Atlantick Ocean.'"

Photograph by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son.

it means to make a forced landing in the desert. "If you land on the route anywhere near to a Bedouin encampment, it will not be long before you see the little black figures rapidly shuffling over the desert to have a look at the 'tiara,' as they call your aeroplane. . . . They like to pull you about, pick up your arm to examine your wrist-watch, or even try to look into your mouth, if they should catch sight of a gold stopping. All this is just to show you how much they like you. . . . If the pilot does by any chance stay the night in camp with a friendly Sheikh, he must

A "RED" OUTRAGE AT DELHI: BOMBS IN THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.



THE BUILDING THAT WAS THE SCENE OF THE BOMB OUTRAGE: THE COUNCIL HOUSE AT DELHI, WHICH CONTAINS THE THREE CHAMBERS—FOR THE ASSEMBLY, THE COUNCIL OF STATE, AND THE COUNCIL OF PRINCES—AND A DURBAR HALL.



MR. V. J.
PATEL,
PRESIDENT OF
THE
LEGISLATIVE
ASSEMBLY,
WHO WAS
ABOUT TO
GIVE A RULING
AS TO
DISCUSSION OF
THE PUBLIC
SAFETY BILL
WHEN THE
BOMBS AND
"RED"
LEAFLETS
WERE
THROWN.



WHERE THE BOMBS WERE THROWN: THE GALLERIED ASSEMBLY CHAMBER—THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR ON THE RIGHT; WITH THE GOVERNMENT BENCHES ON ITS RIGHT. (THE CROSS MARKS THE SEAT USUALLY OCCUPIED BY SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER.)



MR. RAGHAVENDRA RAO, A MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, WHO WAS AMONG THOSE INJURED.



THE SCENE OF THE BOMB OUTRAGE AT DELHI: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE; SHOWING THE DOMED DURBAR HALL IN THE CENTRE, WHICH IS USED BY MEMBERS OF ALL THREE HOUSES.



SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER, THE FINANCE MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, WHO WAS WOUNDED.

The Legislative Assembly at Delhi, which was originated in 1919, and corresponds, in a measure, to our own House of Commons, was the scene of a "Red" outrage on April 8. The President, Mr. V. J. Patel, had just risen to give his deferred ruling as to whether the House should proceed with the discussion of the Public Safety Bill, or no, when two bombs were hurled from the Visitors' Galleries towards the Government Front Benches. Seats and tables were wrecked; a deep hole was made in the floor; and a number of those present were injured, including

Sir George Schuster, the Finance Member of the Government of India, who was wounded in the lower part of the right arm; and Sadar Sir Bomanji Dalal, who was seriously wounded in the right thigh close to the femoral artery. Two arrests were made. Copies of a Communist leaflet were also thrown. This leaflet began: "It takes a loud voice to make the deaf hear"; ended with "Long live the Revolution!"; and was signed "Commander-in-Chief" of the "Hindustan Socialist Republican Army."

OLD MASTERS PROVED BY SCIENCE: TESTS BY EXPOSURE TO RAYS.



1. THE LA CAZE "BÉNÉDICITÉ," BY CHARDIN (1699-1779): A MONOCHROME REPRODUCTION, TAKEN THROUGH A SPECIAL FILTERING DEVICE, WHICH GIVES FULL VALUE TO THE PLANES OF LIGHT.

In view of the many interesting disputes that arise nowadays as to the authenticity of famous pictures (as in the Romney controversy illustrated elsewhere in this number), we give the following unusually informative article translated from the French of M. J. F. Cellerier, who is well known as the Director of the Laboratory of Scientific Research of the Louvre Museum, Paris.

SCIENCE is now called in to assist the art experts of different countries, and scientific tests are employed in order to verify the pedigree of works of art, and to prove that they are actually the productions of the men to whom they are assigned. Until recently, lovers of art only possessed their eyes and their spectacles, supplemented, it is true, by profound and valuable experience. But, for this reason, expert opinions cannot provide absolute and incontestable proof, and the prestige accorded to connoisseurs is measured simply by their reputation. Much-discussed law suits are constantly drawing attention to the differences of opinion between experts and connoisseurs of repute, and these discrepancies call attention to the importance of scientific methods for the study of pictures, in order to increase the "visual accuracy" of the art experts, so to speak.

Pictures often suffer from retouching, either to restore them or to change them in certain details and adapt them so as to conform to the well-known style of a master, or simply to endow them with a forged signature. Scientific means for the detection of such touching-up are now coming into ordinary use in most of the important museums and in certain special laboratories. Examination by X-rays, foreshadowed by Dr. Chéron, has enabled the operator to discover if the pigments used in any part of a picture differ from those of the kind known to have been employed at the epoch when the picture is said to have been painted, and has also revealed additions, and, on occasion, has shown signatures concealed from view by a coat of paint. Analysis by spectrum also supplies other useful scientific information as to the composition of the pigments. The spectrum produced in an electric arc by the introduction of a little of the pigment



2. SHOWING THE PORTION OF THE PICTURE WITH THE TWO CHILDREN: AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LA CAZE "BÉNÉDICITÉ" THAT INDICATED THE MIXTURE OF COLOURS USED.

into the arc is observed with illuminating results. The use of ultra-violet rays is also extending, as they are valuable in order to differentiate the tone values of the various parts of the pictures, and at times reveal retouchings.

Our photographs Nos. 4, 5, and 6 give interesting examples of retouching revealed. Illustration No. 4 shows the head of a man from a fresco by Chassériau (1819-1856) restored after damage at the time of the fire in the Palais de la Cour des Comptes in 1871. No trace of damage is visible in the photograph taken by natural light. Look, however, at photograph No. 5, which gives some idea of the result of examination by ultra-violet rays. It brings out clearly the scaling off of the surface as the result of the fire, especially towards the left eye, the left cheek, and hand of the subject. Photograph No. 6 is an enlarged X-ray photograph of the damaged part of the left cheek. The dark zones correspond with the original painting that still remains, and the light zones correspond with the parts which have perished and have been skilfully touched-in again by the restorer. The question of retouching is interesting, but there is a more delicate field for research; that of finding indisputable proof of authenticity, so that a picture's pedigree may be fixed by science, which thus endorses and even controls the opinion of artistic experts.

With this end in view, it is necessary to make a close study of the constitution of the materials which compose the pictures under examination—that is, the ingredients used in the making of the colours, the canvas and its wooden frame, the varnish, and so on. This is a preliminary piece of work, and must be completed by knowledge of what artists call *la facture de l'artiste*, which means the original sketch of the picture, the lay-out of the palette, the modelling and the composition, the arrangement of planes of light and shade, and so on; in other words, the individual method of work which labels a picture as coming from the hand of a particular artist. The processes employed in this research must be both practical and scientific, and, above all, they must avoid injuring the pictures, which are frequently of enormous value. The methods



3. A PICTURE TESTED IN ORDER TO STUDY THE TECHNIQUE OF AN OLD MASTER: A CHARACTERISTIC HEAD BY PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1649)

SCIENCE ESTABLISHING THE PEDIGREE OF PICTURES: CONCRETE EXAMPLES.

mentioned above for detecting retouching (*i.e.*, analysis by spectrum, ultra-violet rays, and X-rays) may be used if certain precautions are taken. Nevertheless, these particular methods do not, as a rule, succeed in exposing those subtle characteristics which are, as it were, the "sign manual" of the master, and bringing them out with such startling clarity that they constitute absolute proof when the picture is examined by experts and compared with authentic works of a master or of his school.

The scientific principles which we apply in the examination of the authenticity of pictures may be summed up as follows: *The use of certain radiations of different kinds, natural or polarised, and selected with care in order to "split up into its component parts" the picture under examination, and to register the manner in which the different planes of light, and the background, react to this treatment.* Under these special and variously combined projections of light, remarkable effects may be observed. In certain works the construction absolutely collapses, the indecision of the modelling is brought out, and the poverty of the brushwork is revealed.

An interesting experiment in regard to the authenticity of a picture is provided by the following: The Louvre possesses an admirable collection of the works of Chardin. Two of the canvases show the same subject, and are well known under the name of "Le Bénédicité." One of these came from the La Caze Collection and was left to the Louvre; the other has long adorned the gallery. The history of these two Chardins is not doubtful: all the same it occurred to us that it would be interesting to study and compare them from the point of view of research work on the subject of Chardin's genius. Photograph No. 2 is an X-ray photograph of that part of the La Caze "Bénédicité" which shows the two children, and supplied various interesting notes on the mixture of colours used and the method of application. Illustration No. 1 is a photograph taken through a special filtering device by which the luminosity of the La Caze "Bénédicité" is intensified. Without entering into technical details, which are beyond the scope of this article, we were able to see by this photograph how the master has treated his subject. The



4. A RESTORED FRESCO PHOTOGRAPHED BY ORDINARY LIGHT: THE HEAD OF A MAN BY CHASSÉRIAUX, RE-TOUCHED AFTER THE FIRE IN THE PALAIS DE LA COUR DES COMPTES, III 1871.

high lights, when emphasised, bring out the planes of light, increase their details, and show an exceptional delicacy of touch. In carrying out the same tests on other works of Chardin we found the same characteristics. We then tried similar experiments with the "Bénédicité" in the Great Gallery, and found that it had suffered some retouching, notably on the reddish-brown dress of the mother; but comparison with the La Caze "Bénédicité" picture and with other works by Chardin disclosed the same characteristics and confirms the authenticity of the masterpiece.

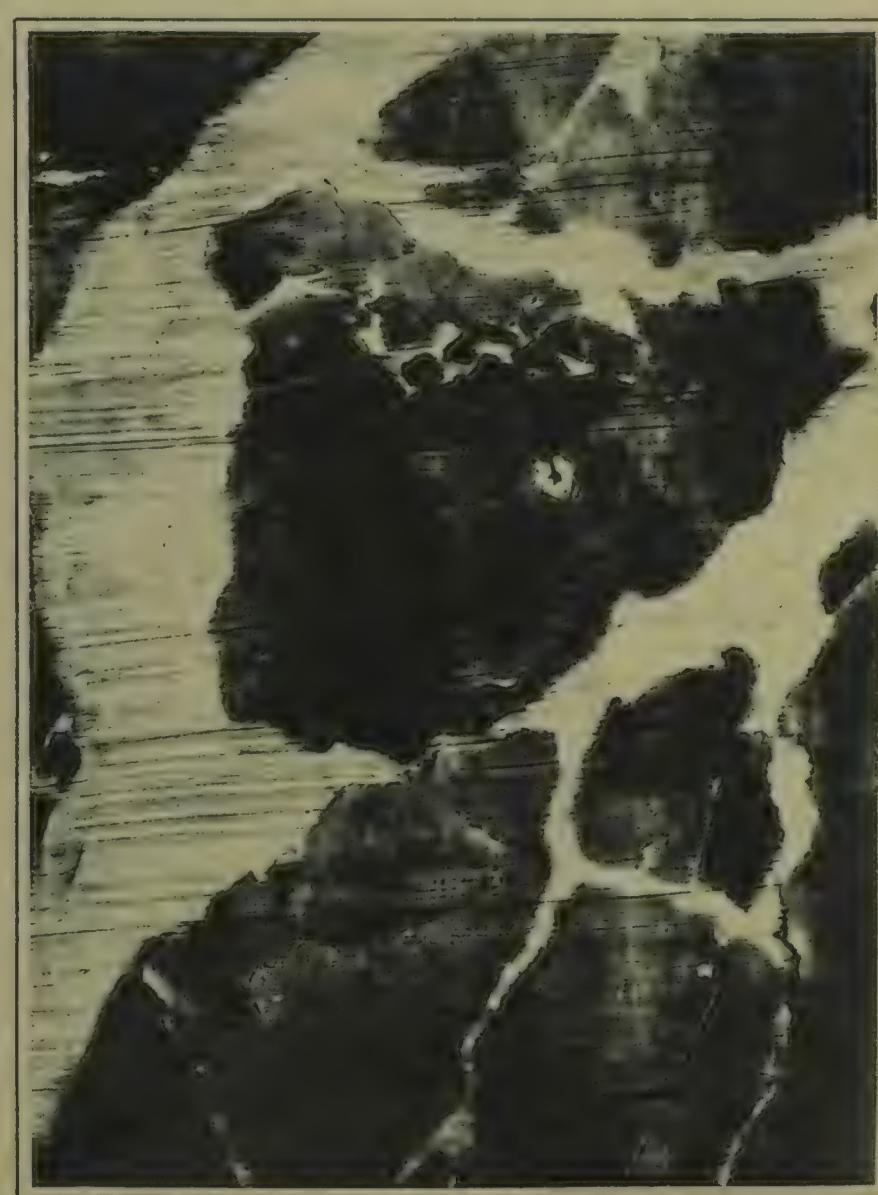
Our third photograph (Fig. 3) shows a reproduction of a masterly head from one of Rubens' pictures. In this case our goal was an original one, as it did not consist of merely ascertaining the authenticity of the picture, which was comparatively easy in this case, but in trying to discover how Rubens worked, and how he achieved his technique, a question which has always offered certain problems. The different tests to which we submitted this picture by means of various forms of combined radiations, in order, so to speak, to wrest its secret from it showed us the following: In the background and in the coils of the hair Rubens employs bituminous tones, and accentuates them or not, according to the effect he wishes to produce, by ivory black, lightly laid on as a glazing. With great delicacy he also uses flake white of an ochre tinge, on his bituminous tints. For his flesh tones Rubens is careful to lay a sort of foundation of white lead and ochre white which serves as the background for the flesh tint as a whole. He then finishes it again with clear colour with a brushwork which is so masterly that it could be the work of his hand alone.

We could multiply instances of this research work, and quote tests applied to the Primitives of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and French Schools, and the works of all the great masters.

By these explanations it will be seen that, in order to be absolutely decisive, such scientific investigations must have the co-operation of artistic observation and *vice versa*. At the Louvre the expert knowledge of M. Henri Verne, Director of the French National Museums; that of M. Guffrey, Curator of the French National Collections; and the valuable collaboration of M. Goulinat, art expert and artist, greatly assisted our task.

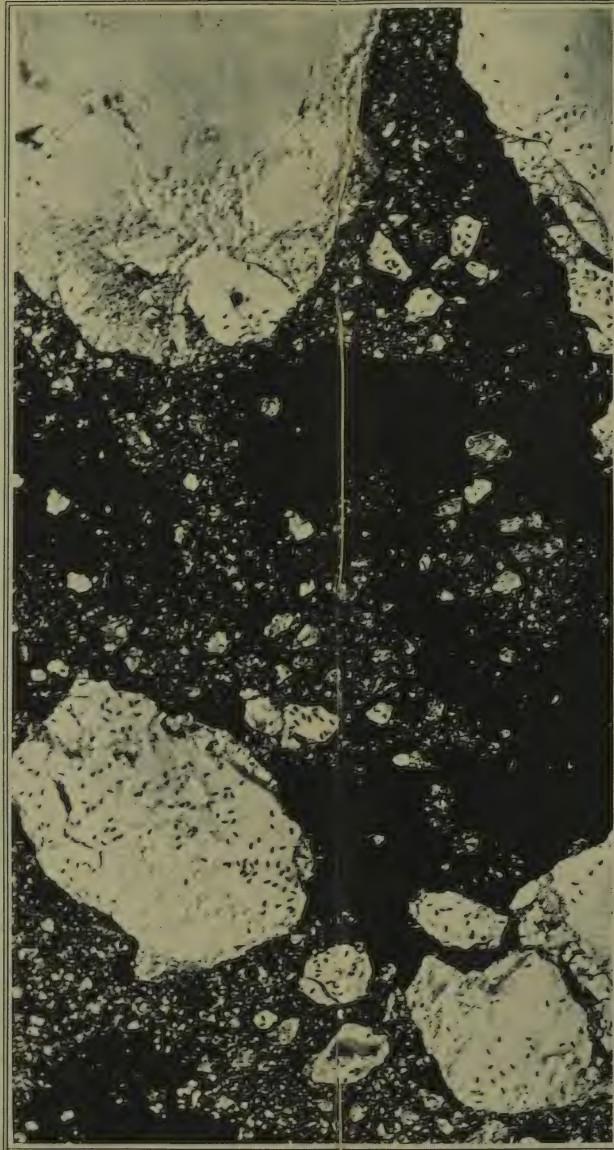
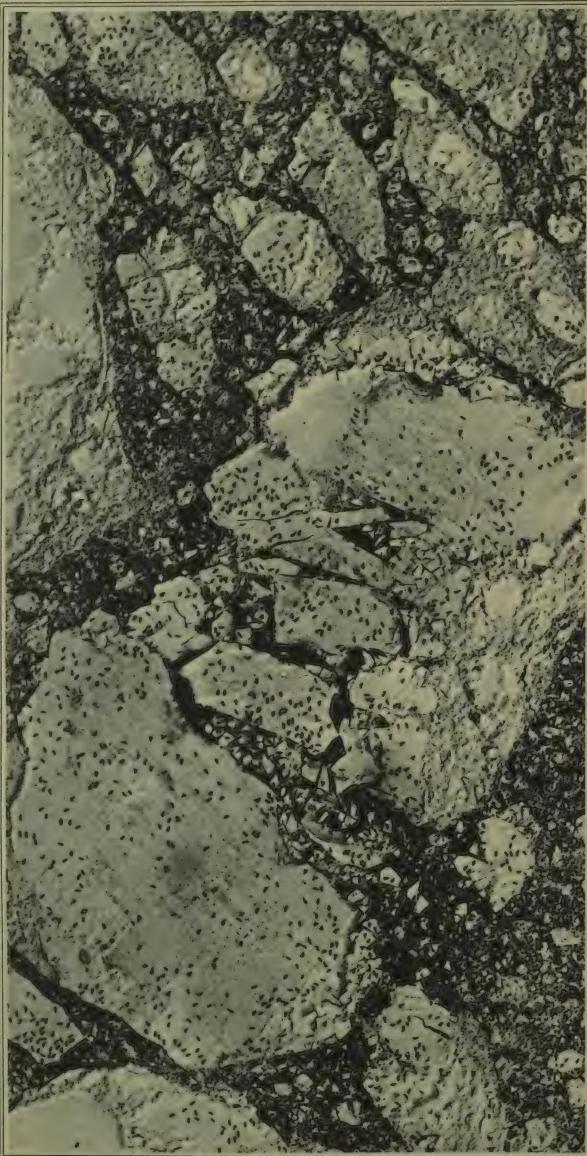


5. RESTORATION REVEALED BY ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS: THE CHASSÉRIAUX FRESCO, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY THE FIRE; ESPECIALLY TOWARDS THE LEFT EYE, THE LEFT CHEEK, AND THE HAND OF THE SUBJECT.



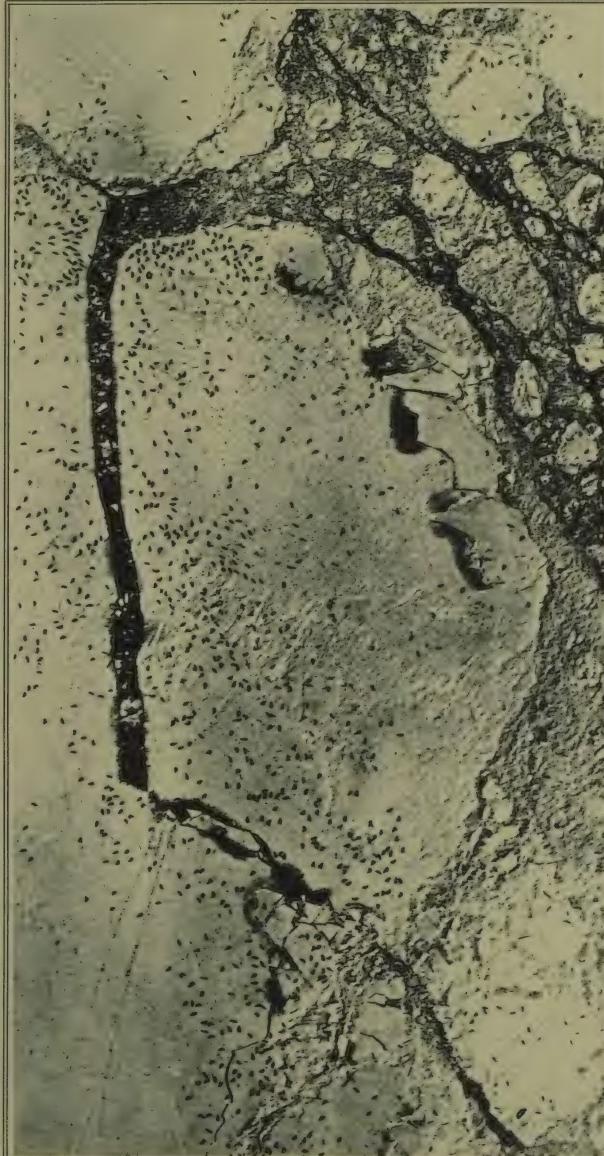
6. AN ENLARGED RADIOPHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEAD OF THE MAN BY CHASSÉRIAUX, SHOWING THE DAMAGED LEFT CHEEK: A PHOTOGRAPH REVEALING THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AS DARK ZONES AND THE RESTORATION AS LIGHTER ZONES.

SEALS THAT SEEM LIKE ANTS ON SLABS OF WHITE MARBLE!



AS SEEN BY AIRMEN FLYING TO "SPOT" FOR SEALERS: ARCTIC WATERS AS A FANTASTIC MOSAIC OF "MARBLE" ICE, VEINED BY THE SEA AND DOTTED WITH THOUSANDS OF SEALS.

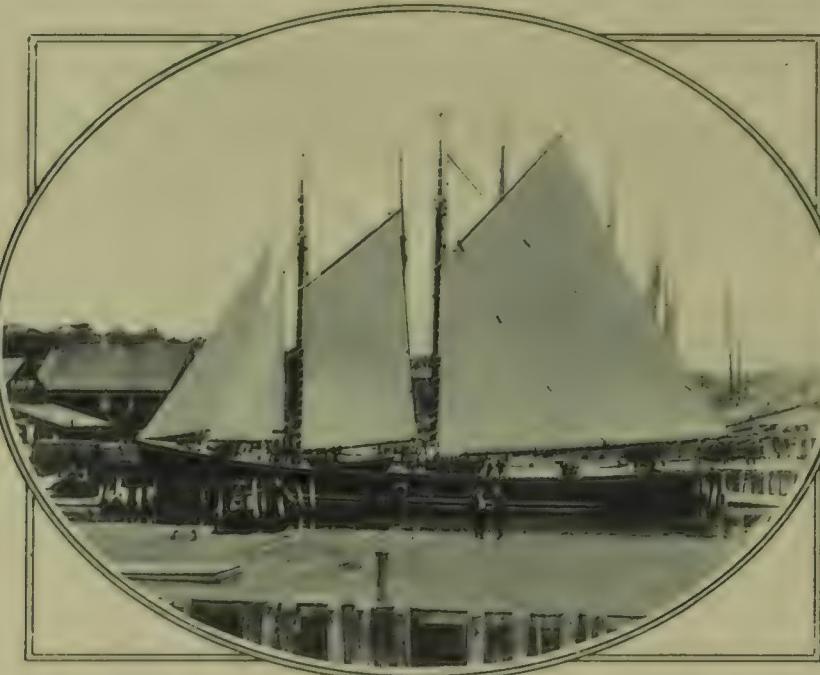
UNIQUE AIR-VIEWS OF SEALING GROUNDS OF ARCTIC SEAS.



Aircraft, it need hardly be remarked, have been put to many novel uses, but, it can safely be said, to few more novel than that of flying over Arctic waters in order to "spot" seals. Not long ago, a Russian Air Company gave several planes to the Soviet's State Seal Industry for this purpose; and these were used in conjunction with the sealing-ships, acting as their "eyes." The facts that they were able to cover long distances and make a wide survey in a very short period proved of great value in saving the time of the sealers, who would otherwise have had to search, and perhaps search in vain, for very many weary

hours. The "spotting" gained additional value in that it disclosed not only the whereabouts of the quarry, but the ice-conditions at the various grounds. The information was wirelessed from the aircraft to the sealing-ships as it was obtained. Our photographs give an excellent idea of the fantastic sights seen by the airmen: what appeared to be white marble mosaics, veined by the sea and dotted with black ant-like specks—the seals. They were taken over the Arctic waters between Novaya Zemlia and Spitzbergen, one of the most famous of the sealing districts.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF INTERESTING EVENTS.



THE CANADIAN SCHOONER SUNK BY A UNITED STATES COASTGUARD CUTTER: THE "I'M ALONE," AS SHE WAS WHEN FITTED OUT WITH HER FIRST SAILS.

As noted in our last issue, the schooner "I'm Alone," of Canadian registry, was sunk by the U.S. Coastguard cutter, "Dexter," on March 22, off the Louisiana coast, after having been chased for over 200 miles from the point where she had been first challenged by the cutter "Walcott." The crew were picked up, placed in irons, and taken to New Orleans, where they were at first

[Continued opposite.]

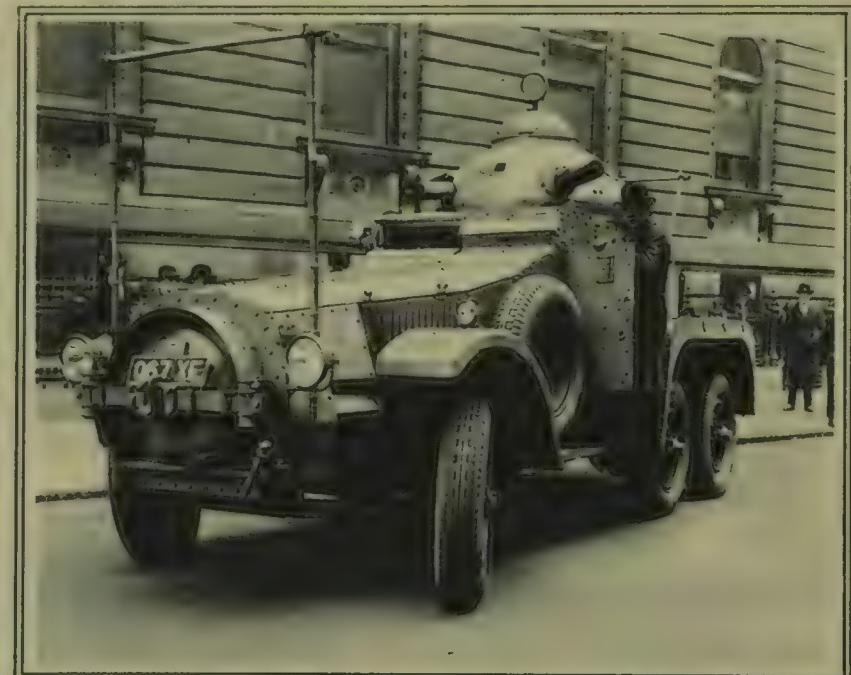


THE CREW OF THE "I'M ALONE" IN GAOL AT NEW ORLEANS: THE MEN AS THEY APPEARED, BEHIND BARS, AFTER BEING BROUGHT ASHORE BY THEIR CAPTORS.

lodged in gaol for examination. The incident raised much controversy over questions of international law, and the interpretation of treaties bearing on the case. It was stated that the Canadian Minister to the United States, Mr. Vincent Massey, would on April 8 or 9 present a Note to the U.S. Secretary of State at Washington, explaining the views of the Canadian Government.



THE U.S. COASTGUARD CUTTERS CONCERNED IN THE "HOT PURSUIT" OF THE "I'M ALONE": THE "WALCOTT" (RIGHT) WHICH BEGAN THE CHASE, AND THE "DEXTER" (LEFT), WHICH SANK THE SCHOONER.



A NEW TYPE OF ARMoured CAR MADE FOR INDIA, FITTED WITH WIRELESS: THE MACHINE DURING A DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

This armoured car, of a new type, has been specially designed for use on the rough roads of India. It is fitted with a transmitting and receiving wireless installation that can be used while the car is in motion. The aerial attached to the poles at the front and back of the car can be seen in the photograph, which was taken during a demonstration outside the India Office.



FRENCH AND BRITISH HONOURS TO THE LATE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE: THE COFFIN OF MR. MYRON T. HERRICK IN THE FRENCH CRUISER "TOURVILLE." The coffin containing the body of the late Mr. Myron T. Herrick, for many years the United States Ambassador to France, arrived at Brest by train on April 5, and was taken to the Arsenal. Honours were rendered by the troops of the garrison. The coffin was then placed on board the cruiser "Tourville" for conveyance to New York. Near Brest the ship passed a British squadron consisting of H.M.S. "Hood" and eight destroyers. The "Hood" hoisted the United States ensign, and fired a salute of nineteen guns, to which the "Tourville" replied.

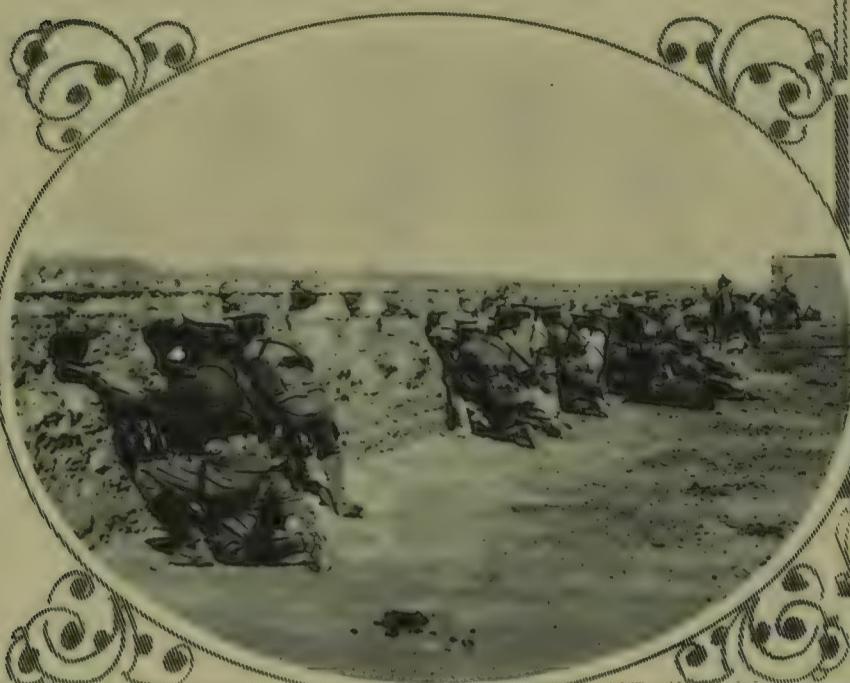


THE INAUGURATION OF A NIGHT AIR MAIL SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS: THE FIRST AEROPLANE UNLOADING MAILS ON ARRIVAL AT CROYDON.

The first regular night air service between Britain and the Continent has just been inaugurated by the Air Union. The machine left Le Bourget about 1 a.m. on April 9, and landed at Croydon about 3.30 a.m. Parcels collected in Paris the previous evening were delivered in London as early as 7 a.m. Aerial lighthouses and flashing beacons had been installed along the route, and the Croydon aerodrome was illuminated by the million-candle power flood-light which equals 75 per cent. of daylight.

Another night service to Brussels has also been prepared.

WHERE U.S. AIRCRAFT PROTECTED BORDER TOWNS:
MEXICO—SCENES OF THE CIVIL WAR.



MEXICAN INSURGENT TROOPS HOLDING A FORT AT JIMENEZ: A SCENE OF THE FIGHTING BEFORE THE TOWN WAS CAPTURED BY THE FEDERAL FORCES.



A COURT-MARTIAL ON A CAPTURED INSURGENT COMMANDER WHO WAS EXECUTED THE FOLLOWING DAY: GENERAL JESUS M. AGUIRRE (MARKED WITH A CROSS) DURING HIS TRIAL.



THE FEDERAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: GENERAL PLUTARCO CALLES (IN FRONT) WITH ARTURO SARACHO, EX-MAYOR OF MEXICO CITY (CARRYING CANE), AND TWO STAFF OFFICERS.



ONE OF THE REGULAR PASSENGER AEROPLANES IN MEXICO COMMANDEERED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR WAR PURPOSES: A FEDERAL MACHINE USED BY ARMY PILOTS AGAINST THE INSURGENTS.



FEDERAL INFANTRY ADVANCING AT THE DOUBLE AGAINST AN INSURGENT FORCE: A MOVEMENT TO PREVENT THE CAPTURE OF A MILITARY SUPPLY TRAIN ON THE WAY TO TORREON.



A CAMOUFLAGED INSURGENT AEROPLANE AT JIMENEZ: ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT WHICH U.S. MACHINES WERE ORDERED TO SHOOT DOWN IF THEY FLEW OVER U.S. TERRITORY.



THE INSURGENT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: GENERAL GONZALO ESCOBAR (FOURTH FROM LEFT IN FRONT), WITH SUPPORTERS, AT JIMENEZ, HIS HEADQUARTERS AFTER HIS RETREAT FROM TORREON.

A new element entered into the Mexican civil war recently, when the United States authorities found it necessary to protect their citizens during the fighting between the Federals and the Insurgents on the border of Arizona. On April 7 it was stated that four persons had been wounded on United States soil during the past two days, by stray bullets or bomb fragments, in connection with the Insurgents' attack on Naco, Sonora. President Hoover, after consultation with the U.S. State Department, instructed the War Department to take whatever measures might be necessary. Accordingly, to prevent a recurrence of such incidents, twelve U.S. bombing aeroplanes and six scout machines were sent to Naco, Arizona, and warnings were delivered to the Insurgent commander. The

eighteen U.S. aeroplanes were ordered to patrol the air near the border and to shoot down any Mexican machines which flew over United States territory. The military position in general was then favourable to the Mexican Government forces. The Insurgents had suffered disastrous defeats, with heavy casualties, at Jimenez and La Reforma, and it was reported that the revolt, which had lasted five weeks, was entering on its final phase. General Calles, the ex-Minister for War, commanding the Federals, stated that the Insurgent losses at La Reforma exceeded 1000 dead, 500 wounded, and 2000 taken prisoners. General Escobar, the Insurgent commander-in-chief, however, declared that the insurrection would continue. Our photographs, of course, show events at an earlier stage.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR HENRY REW.
Expert on agricultural economics. For twelve years, Asst. Sec. to the Board of Agriculture and for a while Sec. to the Ministry of Food. Died on April 7, at the age of seventy.



LT.-COL. A. H. L. MOUNT.
Succeeding Col. Sir John Pringle as Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways. Is forty-eight. During the war, Asst.-Dir. of Rly. Const. France; and Deputy-Chief Construction Engineer.



SIR ANTHONY BOWLBY, BT.
Distinguished surgeon. Served during the war, 1914-19, in France (Major-General). Served South Africa, 1900. A Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King. Born, May 10, 1855; died, April 7.



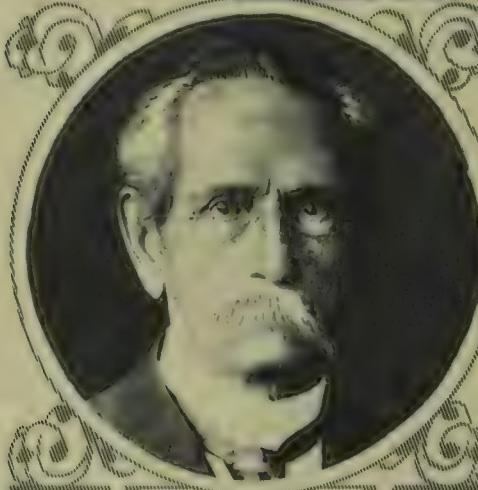
DR. H. B. GRAY.
A famous head-master—the maker of Bradfield College, to which he went in 1880 and at the head of which he was until 1910. Vicar of Lynton. Born, April 22, 1851; died, April 5.



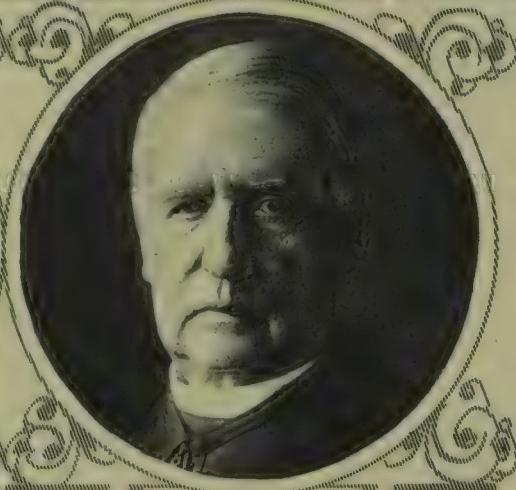
SIR THOMAS F. WILSON.
Solicitor. Clerk of the Peace for the County of the City of Glasgow and Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. M.P. (L.) for N.E. Lanarkshire, 1910-11. Born, 1862; died, April 2.



THE MYSTERY OF THE AEROPLANE "SOUTHERN CROSS": MR. ULM AND CAPT. KINGSFORD SMITH.
Captain Kingsford Smith, and Mr. Ulm, with two others, left Richmond, near Sydney, on March 30, in the aeroplane "Southern Cross," with the intention of flying to England by way of the Straits Settlements, India, Iraq, and Italy. They were expected at Wyndham, on the north-west coast of Australia, on the Sunday, but did not arrive. At the moment of writing, they are still missing.



HERR CARL BENZ.
A co-founder of the German automobile industry. Died on April 3, at the age of eighty-four. Son of an engine-driver. Produced a two-cycle engine in 1878, and in 1885 constructed a three-wheeled vehicle propelled by an internal-combustion engine.



H.E. CARDINAL GASQUET.
The historical scholar and researcher who was Prefect of the Vatican Archives and President of the International Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate. Born in London on October 5, 1846. Educated at Downside College, Bath. Died, April 5.



**H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF
WALES,
WHO FLEW TO
BOGNOR**

RECENTLY, IN ORDER TO SEE HIS FATHER: H.R.H. READY FOR FLIGHT.

The Prince flies on many an occasion, and an aeroplane is always at his disposal. Recently he flew to Bognor to visit the King at Craigwell House, and afterwards he flew back to London. The start was made from Northolt Aerodrome, near Ealing and ended at Tangmere Aerodrome. The sixty-miles' down journey took 22 min.



THE MAKER OF THE LAND-SPEED RECORD OF OVER 231 MILES AN HOUR AND HIS TROPHY: MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE RECEIVING THE CUP AT WASHINGTON—MRS. SEGRAVE IN THE CENTRE.

The trophy is being handed to Major Segrave by Mr. Curtis, the Vice-President of the United States. In the front row (from left to right) are Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States, the Vice-President, Mrs. Segrave, Major H. O. D. Segrave, and the Mayor of Daytona.



TROTSKY IN EXILE: THE EX-SOVIET LEADER AND COMMISSAR FOR WAR DRIVING IN CONSTANTINOPLE WITH HIS WIFE—A SNAPSHOT TAKEN BY A PHOTOGRAPHER DISGUISED AS A CHAUFFEUR.

Leon Trotsky, who, it will be noticed, is now clean-shaven, went to Constantinople after having been released from his state of exile in Russian Turkestan. His future dwelling-place remains undetermined. If he had his way, he would settle in Germany, but it is unlikely that he will receive permission to do so.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING PENGUINS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WE are often reminded that "comparisons are odious." They may be, and often are. Yet, by a too slavish observance of this admonition, we miss half the joy of living. Nowhere is this more

Many aquatic birds, such as guillemots, grebes and divers, have similarly elongated bodies and the legs as far back. The first two can scarcely be said to walk, while the diver's excursions on land have to be made by lying flat on the ground and shoving the body along with the feet. This back-

position of the legs in the guillemots, grebes, and divers.

The penguins, throughout the whole of their range, extending from the Cape to the farthest confines of the Antarctic, breed nowhere save on ground at the sea-level. Having no need to fly up to ledges hundreds of feet above the water, and tied to the sea because



FIG. I. WITH CURIOUSLY SIMILAR MODIFICATION OF THE LIMBS TO THAT IN THE PENGUINS: THE SEA-LION, WHICH RETAINS SOME POWER OF MOVEMENT ON LAND BECAUSE IT CANNOT BREED AT SEA.

The elongation of the body in the sea-lion has been effected chiefly by the lengthening of the neck. "Stream-lining" requirements have reduced the ears to mere vestiges, standing slightly away from the head. The necessity of retaining a certain amount of progress on land has prevented the hind-limbs from assuming the permanently backward direction found in the seal, wherein the fore-legs are much shorter and less "flapper-like" than in the sea-lion.

true than in the domain of animated nature. Plants and animals alike should be contemplated in the spirit of a connoisseur taking wine. He gazes lovingly at the precious liquid before he proceeds to the anticipatory thrill of the first sip, with its attendant memories of past delights. But he is an analyst as well as an enthusiast. Connoisseurs of Nature are somewhat rare. For the mere "analysts" have no imagination: one finds no pleasure in their discourses. Unfortunately, it is to these analysts that the teaching of "Nature study" in our schools is entrusted. I know nothing more certainly calculated to kill all interest in our wild-flowers than "school botany" nor are the results more happy when the themes are cats or caterpillars.

Most of us, it is true, fail miserably when we strive to translate our thoughts into words. All that we can hope to do in our endeavour to express them is to kindle a spark of like enthusiasm in others, or to draw their attention to aspects of life which have impressed us. We need more missionaries in the spread of the knowledge of life, and of the way in which things live and move and have their being. For the more completely we appreciate this, the more we shall understand ourselves and our emotions. Mark the comments of men and women at the "Zoo," for example. "Oh, isn't it ugly!" "There's a funny animal!" They fail to interpret even the most obvious of the external features of the creatures which have called forth these inane remarks.

I was standing the other day by the penguin enclosure when two or three people stopped for a moment to look at the king-penguin, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3). After little more than a cursory glance they turned away with no more than : " What a funny animal ! " They failed, apparently, to realise not only that it was a bird, but a very wonderful bird. Let me enlarge upon this beginning with the poise of the body. No other creature, save man himself, can walk upright after this fashion. Compare it, in the mind's eye, with a duck or a pheasant. Studying it a little more closely it will be remarked that in both the birds seen in this photograph the body has become greatly elongated while the legs, which have become extremely shortened, have shifted to the level of the base of the tail. The duck and the pheasant, which have a horizontal carriage, walk upon the toes only, with the heel raised high above the ground. The penguin walks upon the whole sole of the foot, the heel being pressed close to the ground.

often far inland, to their eggs and young. The legs have shortened because they are but little used, and they have shifted tail-wards, not for use as propellers, for they never serve that function, but because the intensive swimming movements have brought about the elongation of the body, as in all swimmers which live mainly afloat. Here is the real explanation of the backward



FIG. 3. THE ONLY OTHER CREATURE BESIDES MAN THAT CAN WALK THUS UPRIGHT: THE KING PENGUIN—A SPECIES WHOSE WINGS HAVE GRADUALLY DEVELOPED INTO FLIPPERS—AND (ON RIGHT) A ROCK-HOPPER,

"SWINGING ITS ARMS."

The penguin shares with man the distinction of being able to stand and walk erect. And as a man swings his arms in walking so also does the penguin, as may be seen in the case of the small "Rock-hopper" to the right, though in the penguin this swing has an awkward appearance owing to the fact that the arm cannot be bent at the elbow, while any movement at the wrist-joint is extremely limited.



FIG. 2. A ROCK-HOPPER (CENTRE) AND TWO CAPE PENGUINS: A VIEW SHOWING THE FORMER'S GREATER POWER OF FLEXURE AT THE "WRIST".

The Rock-hopper has a greater power of flexure at the wrist than either the Cape penguin or "Jack-ass" Penguin, or the King Penguin. The heavy red beak of the rock-hopper (centre) and the golden-yellow crest, conspicuous only when erected, give this bird an even more striking appearance than that of the Cape penguin wherein the beak which is also large is black.

therein must they find their food, they gradually lost the power of flight; but, like guillemots and unlike grebes and divers, they swim under water by means of their wings. The use of the wings solely for this purpose has gradually transformed them into "flippers," and in this process the skeleton of the hand has attained to a much greater length than in the other diving types just referred to, so that the tip of the flipper extends down almost to the tail; though the "reach" of the flipper is really no greater than that of the extended wing of the guillemot, wherein the axis of the skeleton is extended by the length of the wing-quills.

If it be asked, Why has not the guillemot developed penguin-like flippers? there is a ready and sufficient answer. For the guillemot, it may be pointed out, the power of flight is of vital importance, since the nursery is always on the ledge of some steep cliff perhaps two hundred feet high.

When a penguin is walking, as seen in the case of the "rock-hopper" in Fig. 3, the wing, or "flipper," is thrown outwards and backwards to serve as a balancer. In the rock-hopper and the South African Cape, or "jackass," penguin (Fig. 2) it will be noticed that the flipper can be bent at the wrist more than in the king-penguin, but save in this particular there is little difference.

Finally, it is worth while comparing the flipper and hind-legs of a penguin with those of a sea-lion (Fig. 1). The one, a bird, the other a mammal, and therefore not in the remotest degree related, yet show curiously similar modifications of the limbs. The sea-lion on land progresses with what may be called a "lolloping" gait; the hind-legs, being almost flippers, can, however, yet be turned forwards at will. They have retained this much limited power of movement on land solely because, unlike the whales, they cannot give birth to their young and rear them at sea. In these creatures, then, we see how delicately related are habits and structure. Intensive movements beget profound changes of structure. Those who are interested in the problems presented by the effects of "use" and their transmissibility by inheritance will find here much food for thought.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

OF BARCELONA—1929.



The Catalonian coast is dotted with clean and bright villages, where the ancestral customs have remained untouched by time. For instance, Vilasar-de-Mar, situated a little distance from Barcelona, the town where a great International Exhibition will shortly all the characteristics of the home-loving Spaniards, the quality which seems to bring down on the people, with the golden shower

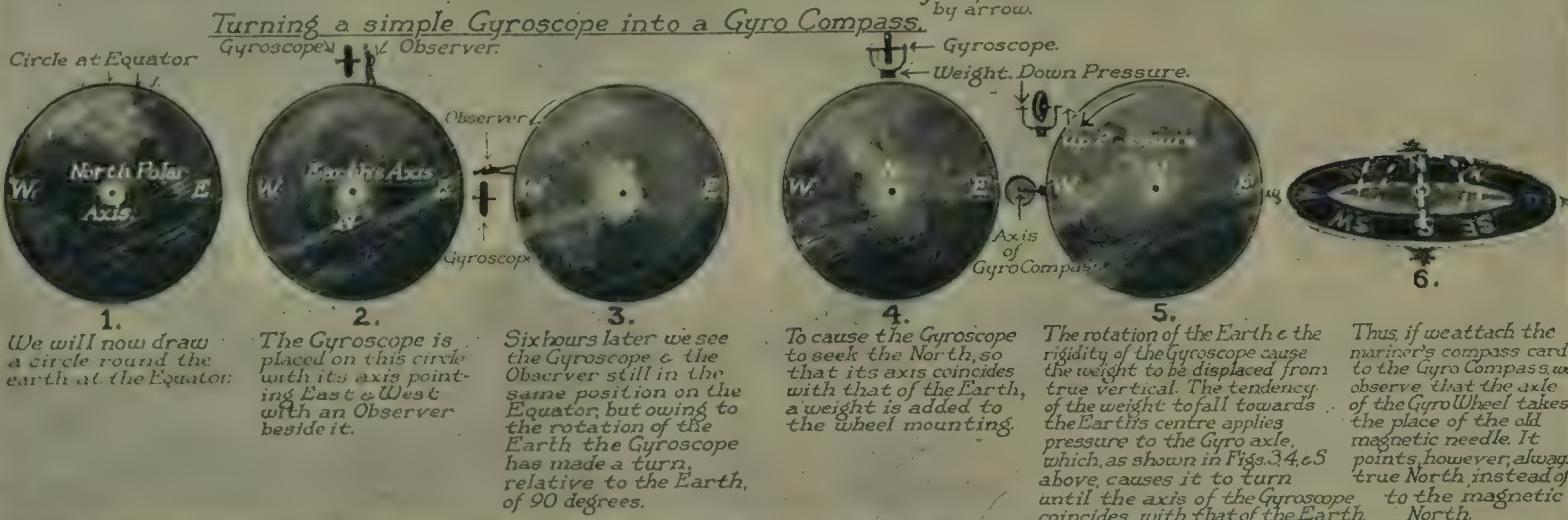
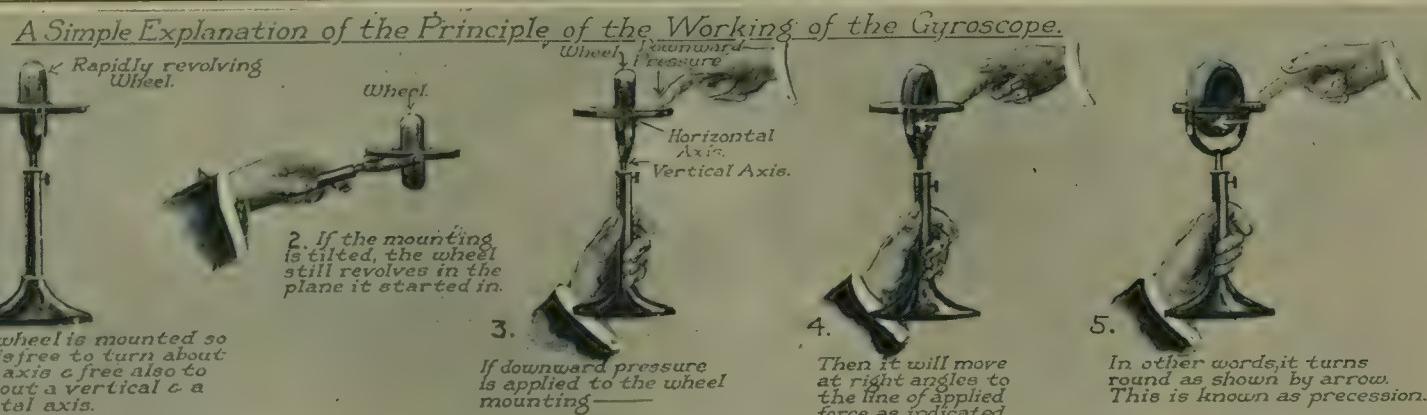


and progress. The taste and simplicity with which the interiors of the cottages are arranged fascinate the privileged visitor. They are now being inaugurated, supplied us with the subject of this picture, breathing in its every line calm and peace—a house in which are found of sunshine, the blessing of heaven.

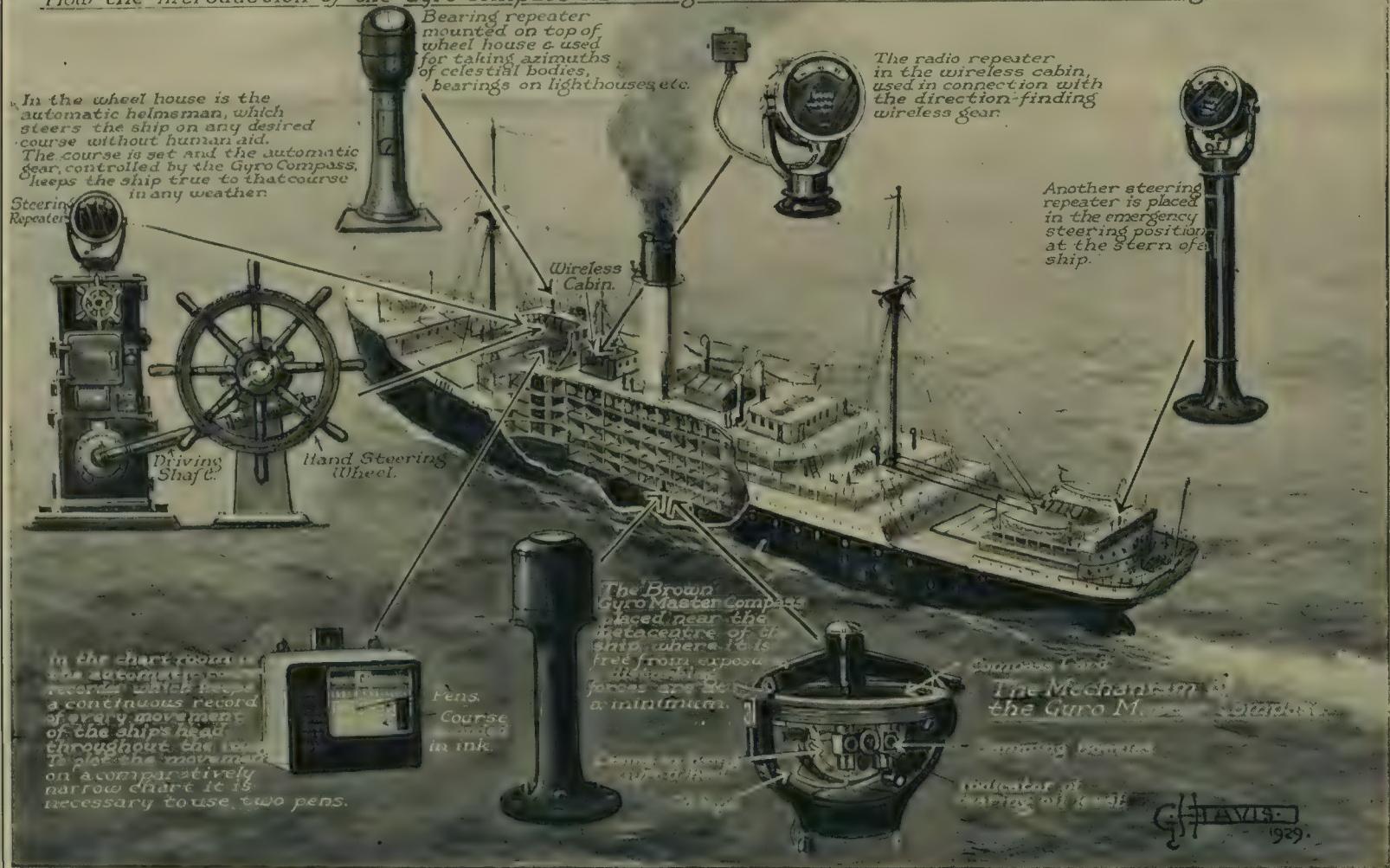
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MECHANISING NAVIGATION: THE WONDERS OF THE GYRO-COMPASS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. S. G. BROWN, LTD. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



How the introduction of the Gyro Compass has brought into use other devices to aid the Navigator.



RAPIDLY REPLACING THE OLD MAGNETIC COMPASS: THE MODERN GYRO-COMPASS, AND ITS DERIVATIVE INSTRUMENTS.

Most people have heard of the gyroscope, and some of the gyro-compass, but comparatively few understand the working of these inventions. This page explains simply how a rapidly revolving wheel, mounted so that it has three degrees of freedom, has been adapted to replace the old magnetic compass for navigation at sea and in the air. The gyro-compass is used in hundreds of ships to-day. It is more accurate than the old magnetic compass, as it is free from the latter's two faults—variation and deviation. The magnetic compass does not point true north, but to the magnetic north, so that calculations have to be made. The gyro-compass is not affected by metals in the ship, which cause deviation in the magnetic compass. The invention has brought in its train many other instruments to aid in navigation. Firstly, the master compass may be placed low down in the metacentre of the ship, where there is

the minimum of sea movement. Wires connect it to the Bearing Repeater on the top of the wheel-house. In the wheel-house is placed the Steering Repeater for the actual use of the helmsman, and it is notable for the fact that the card or dial is so divided and geared that it makes four revolutions for a complete turn of the ship, and gives increased ease in steering owing to the large size in which the degrees are marked. A similar Steering Repeater is mounted at the emergency steering position and in the wireless cabin. The Automatic Helmsman was illustrated and described in our issue of December 8, 1923. Yet another device is the Course-Recorder, which automatically marks in two inked lines every movement of the ship's head throughout the voyage at the exact day, hour, and minute. These devices are produced by a British firm by British labour, in a modern factory in a western suburb of London.

THE ALL-BRITISH GYROSCOPIC COMPASS.

By "A MARINER."

(See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

THOUGH this country leads in all matters connected with shipping, it cannot claim to have been the origin of every device which has contributed to modern comfort and safety afloat. As the incubator of new ideas in this connection, however, England cannot be surpassed, and her approval is always eagerly sought in consequence.

The application of the gyroscope for marine use is an instance, for, though the first sea-going gyrocompass was constructed by Dr. Anschütz of Kiel in 1910, and was followed by another designed by Mr. Sperry, an American, in 1912, it was Mr. S. G. Brown, F.R.S., an Englishman, who produced the present epoch-making type which bears his name. This instrument was made because it was realised that in 1914 this country could no longer deal with Messrs. Anschütz of Germany, and was, in consequence, too dependent on the American company for the supply of compasses required for the Navy. It was completed in 1916, and was so advanced in design as to allow this country justly to claim to have contributed a very large share of the inventive genius which was required to perfect the original idea.

The gyro-compass has many advantages over the magnetic, or mariner's, compass, but has little in common with it. The two work under entirely different laws: the former by the rotation of the earth, and the latter by its magnetism. The average person, if asked the direction in which the needle of the magnetic compass points, will reply: "To the north," and will be surprised to hear that it does not always do so. It points not to the true north, but to the magnetic north. The earth is a magnet, and, owing to the unequal distribution of the magnetism on its surface, the North and South Magnetic Poles do not coincide with the true poles; to make matters worse, the magnetic poles change their position a small amount annually.

To find the true north, therefore, with a mariner's compass, the difference (called variation) between the true and magnetic poles must be known and applied to the compass reading. In London to-day this amounts to 14 deg. west of true north; but in other parts of the world it is something different. If iron or steel is near the compass, however, as in a metal-built ship, a further error is created (called deviation) which varies in amount as the direction of the ship's head changes, and also if she heels over. It will be seen, therefore, that constant care is required not only when "setting the course" by the magnetic compass, but also to correct it frequently as the position of the ship and the conditions change. Many vessels have stranded by reason of wrongly applied compass corrections.

When out of sight of land, the error of the magnetic compass can be found only by celestial observation. If, therefore, a ship crosses the Atlantic in bad weather which obscures the heavenly bodies during the whole voyage, as often happens, and her cargo shifts and she heels over, an unknown amount of compass error is created, and the vessel is endangered in consequence when she approaches the land. If she runs ashore, it is often attributed to faulty judgment, or the tides, but seldom to the compass.

The gyro-compass does not suffer from the above errors, for it is independent of magnetism, and is governed by the earth's rotation. It points true north for the reasons given on the page opposite. It is true that it is a mechanically worked instrument, and so may suffer from breakdown; but many years of sea service have proved the chances negligible. The troubles experienced with it in the early days were immense, and, even after it was considered perfect and many examples had been constructed, a serious error was discovered when the ship was rolling

and heading north-east, south-east, south-west, or north-west. To eliminate this defect, Anschütz and Sperry added the complication of additional wheels; but when the English type was produced it was found that the problem had been solved by the use of only one wheel, coupled with an ingenious and simple system (liquid ballistic control) which made use of the cause of the error to supply its correction.

The early history of the gyro-compass is alone of sufficient interest to warrant many pages, but the

During the past few years special gyro-compasses for gun-directional purposes have been called for by the British, French, and Italian Navies. The problem to be solved in this connection is a very difficult one. It is gratifying to know, however, that the static compass submitted by Mr. Brown has passed the requirements laid down by all three countries. A recent British invention is the gyroscopic artificial horizon. This device may convey little to those unacquainted with navigational requirements at sea; but to those responsible for the safety of ships in misty weather, when the natural horizon is invisible, it means everything. Without a horizon it is not possible, when out of sight of land, to find the accurate position of a ship by celestial observation.

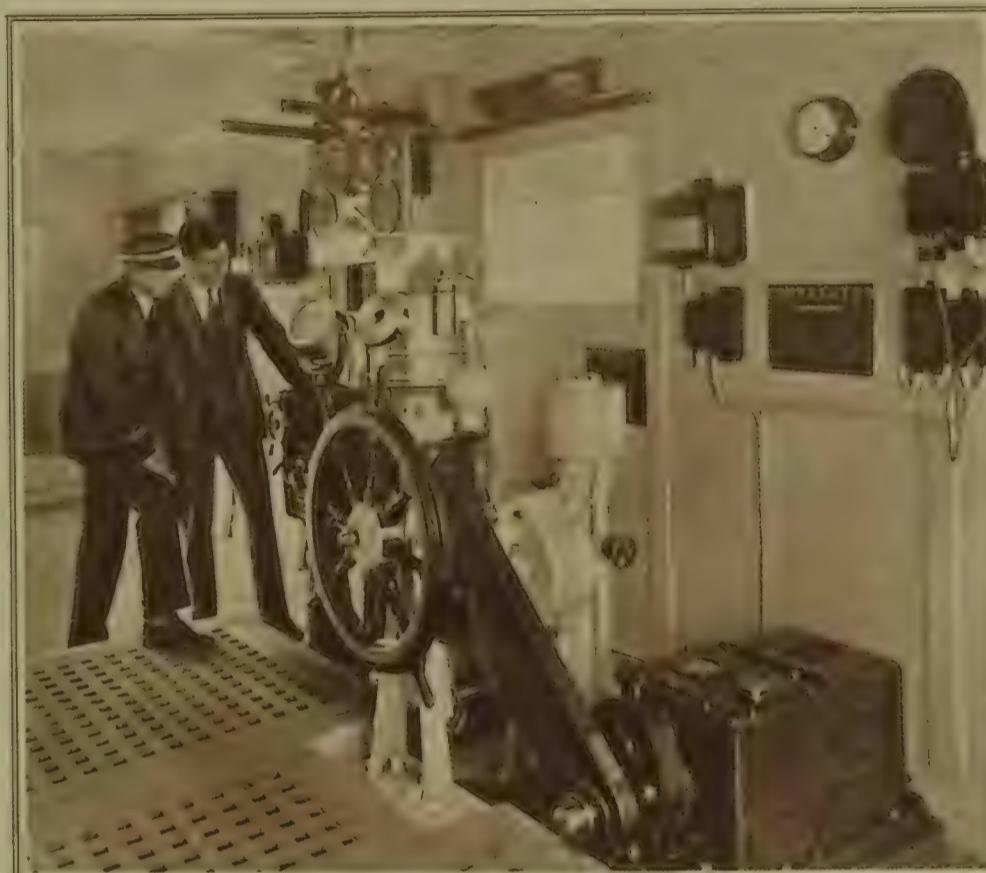
A gyro-compass for use in the air has been a long-felt want, for the magnetic type has never been really satisfactory. The sharp turns, rapid acceleration, and vibration in aircraft are too much for it, and leave it bewildered. By making it sluggish in its action it has been made moderately useful, but few pilots place much faith in it, so their call for the gyro type has been insistent. To design a lightweight gyro-compass to withstand air conditions is the ambition of many; the difficulties are immense, and the price of success very large. It is too early to say whether he has succeeded, but Mr. S. G. Brown has produced an instrument which weighs only 17 lb. 4 oz.; it has been tried by the Air Ministry, and has proved its value. If this compass proves a success in the hands of the ordinary airman, this country will indeed have something to be proud of.

To return to ships, it is interesting to note that at a recent meeting of Master Mariners at

Southampton, which was attended by many of the captains of famous liners, a unanimous vote was passed in favour of gyro-compasses and direction-finders being fitted to all ocean-going ships. The opinion of such men is of great value from the point of view of safety afloat, for the ships they command are nearly all fitted with these instruments, so they speak with experience to back their opinions. They looked on the matter from the purely navigational aspect, of course, and were not concerned with the financial side of it, but the two cannot be separated. The reputation for safety at sea has been one of the causes of Britain's paramount position in the shipping world, for it has attracted many foreign customers. No one can afford to rest on his laurels in these days of keen competition, so it is not surprising to find an increasing number of British ships fitted with this new safety device.

It has been found that, indirectly, the gyro-compass saves the fuel bill of ships, for it is possible, in a vessel fitted with one, to have an Automatic Helmsman. The Automatic Helmsman is a wonderful piece of machinery which is connected when required to the gyro-compass, and will steer a ship on any desired course without human aid. It can be disconnected at a moment's notice for an alteration of course, or when hand-steering is desirable. It has many advantages over hand-steering when on long ocean passages, for it maintains a straighter course, and thus saves distance. This means, of course, a smaller fuel bill.

France has no firm that manufactures gyro-compasses, so when the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique decided to instal in their flag-ship, the *Ile de France*, a complete outfit, there was great competition between Germany, America, and England over who should obtain the order. It was given to this country, in spite of the fact that the Automatic Helmsman supplied was the first that England had produced; it has, however, given every satisfaction. To have been chosen in preference to the two older firms proves the original statement in this article, that England is unsurpassed as an incubator of new devices.



THE BROWN GYRO-COMPASS AND AUTOMATIC HELMSMAN IN ACTUAL USE ABOARD A LINER:
THE APPARATUS IN THE "ILE DE FRANCE."

inventions which grew out of it are more so. For war purposes it has many spheres of usefulness. No battle-ship is complete without an outfit, whilst in many navies they are fitted in cruisers, destroyers,

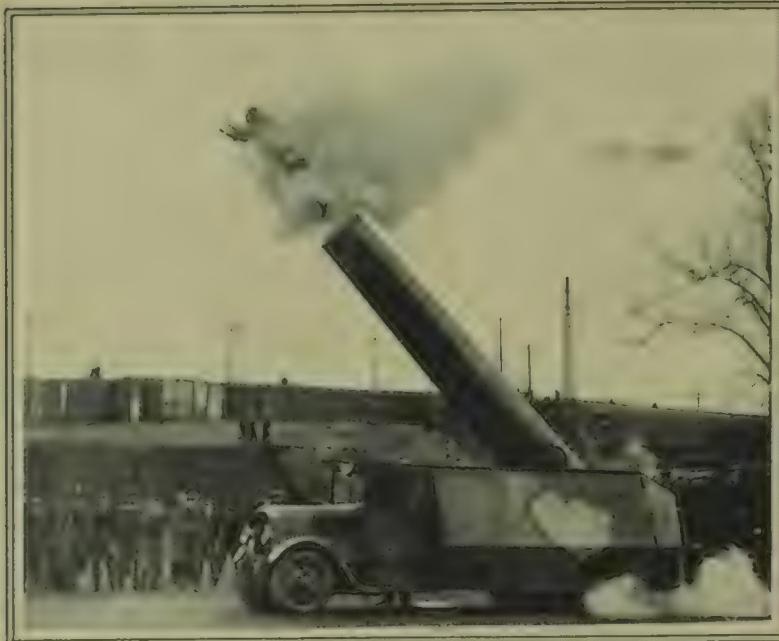


THE DESIGNER OF THE EPOCH-MAKING BRITISH TYPE
OF GYRO-COMPASS WHICH BEARS HIS OWN NAME:

MR. S. G. BROWN, F.R.S.

and submarines. Even army tanks have been supplied with them, for it has been found that the shocks caused by modern gunfire are too great for the magnetic type to withstand.

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



A MAN SHOT FROM A "SIEGE GUN"! THE HUMAN PROJECTILE LEAVING THE MOUTH OF THE "WEAPON."

The shooting of a human being from a "gun" has been a circus turn for a good many years, but never before, perhaps, has it been staged as elaborately as in the case illustrated. The photographs were taken at a demonstration staged for the newspaper photo-

[Continued opposite.]



THE HUMAN PROJECTILE IN MID-FLIGHT: THE PERFORMER FALLING TOWARDS THE NET IN WHICH HE IS CAUGHT.

graphers' benefit, at Starlight Park, Bronx, New York. It may be imagined—and imagination is not likely to be far wrong—that the propellant force is spring rather than high explosive! Nevertheless, Zacchini takes risks: if he missed the net, he would not perform for a while!



A BERLIN SAFE THAT LISTENS FOR BURGLARS AND, ON HEARING THEM, GIVES AN ALARM: THE DEVICE WITH ITS "EARS" ON TOP.

Any noise made near the safe, or by drilling or otherwise attempting to open it, is heard by the "ears," in which are set up vibrations which cause the ringing of an alarm-bell and the switching on of alarm-lamps.



THE "ZOO'S" "MORE ANCESTRAL" BABY CAMEL ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE YOUNGSTER WITH ITS MOTHER.

The camel was born on March 25. It is seen when ten days old. It is more generalised in type than its parents. "Times" "is neither so long nor so curiously curved. It is one of the many cases in which young animals represent a more ancestral type than that of their parents."



"THE PATH OF ENLIGHTENMENT": SCULPTURE BEING TAKEN INTO BURLINGTON HOUSE, TO BE JUDGED FOR THE R.A.

Burlington House has been particularly busy of late, for there have been receiving-days for water-colours, oil-paintings, and, lastly, sculptures, submitted by artists desirous of having their works shown at the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition. Our photograph shows an unusual piece of work arriving. It is by Mrs. Katherine Mortwood.



DESIGNED, IT IS SAID, TO TEST THE SKILL OF NOVICES AT MOTOR-CAR DRIVING! THE "ROLLER-COASTER" ROAD AT LOS ANGELES.

With the photograph here reproduced, we have received the following information. "The roller-coaster for automobiles. Smooth, but not level, is this new highway which has been opened in Los Angeles, California. Constructed all of wood, it consists of a succession of dips and rises that range in depth from ten to five feet, precarious for the inebriated driver." It is not explained how there can possibly be any risk of finding an inebriated driver in the "dry" United States! The roadway, it may be added, is called "The Wavy Road," and is 2243 feet in length.



VALUED AT £35,840: AMBERGRIS FOUND ON THE BEACH AT KAIPARA, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND, AND NOW IN LONDON FOR SALE.

It was announced towards the end of February that two brothers had found on the beach at Kaipara a lump of ambergris, weighing two cwt., which had been valued locally at £35,840. Ambergris is a grey, fatty substance which has reddish, marble-like veins running through it. It derives from the intestine of the sperm whale and, in all probability, it is a biliary secretion. It has a sweet odour and is used in making perfumes, to which it gives a "floral" fragrance. Formerly it was used medicinally and in the spicing of wines.



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS :

ENGLISH DELFT. I.—THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE is a certain type of English Pottery which is of quite exceptional decorative value, and, as most people want to make a home rather than fill a museum, I make no excuse for dealing this week with some very unsophisticated plates. They are of rather coarse earthenware covered with an opaque tin-glaze—that is, they are what is generally referred to as English Delft. They are, in essentials, of the same substance as Dutch Delft, and Faience, and Maiolica.

Names often conceal the realities of things. Very briefly, what happened was this. This technique, by which painting and glazing were combined in one application, originated in the Near East, and thence found its way to Spain. Ships from Majorca brought Spanish lustred ware from Valencia to Italy, and the Italians, believing this pottery was manufactured on the island, called it Maiolica, continuing the name when they used the method themselves. Faience and Delft are geographical terms, the names of towns which manufactured this earthenware. Delft, of course, is perhaps better known to many as the birthplace of the incomparable Jan Vermeer. But whereas Vermeer as a painter has only become famous quite recently—fifty years ago he was admired only by the very few—his birthplace has given its name to this particular type of enamelled ware.

purely for decorative purposes and not for use. I would ask the reader to remember that we are dealing with the productions of very humble people. These chargers are not the work of a considerable artist working under the patronage of a Renaissance princeling in Italy, but naive and halting attempts on the part of independent potters to satisfy the taste of the English public of the seventeenth century. Never were craftsmen less academic; never were they more slap-dash; for all the obvious crudity of design and technique, rarely were simple souls, working in a not very easy medium, more successful.

Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7 can be considered together. The charger in Fig. 6 would appear to be a highly stylised representation of vine-leaves and grapes—or cherries; but one must not demand a mere photograph of natural objects from a seventeenth-century potter who is filling up his dish with such gusto.

individual style which put him a long way ahead of his contemporaries.

Portraits of well-known people were very popular. The taste of the time would appear to be shared by present-day collectors, if one may judge by prices. A good specimen of a geometrical or tulip pattern charger may be obtained for about £25, whereas an identified portrait will cost twice that amount.

At Chequers is a charger depicting Charles I. and his children standing on a tiled pavement under a columned archway, and dated 1653. Charles II., James II. (Fig. 1), William III. (Figs. 2 and 3) and Mary, Queen Anne, the Duke of Ormonde, the Duke of Marlborough are first favourites. Very often the figures are the same, but the heads are altered according to the demand, so that the same body will do duty for King William and the Duke of Marlborough. One is bound to admit that as portraits

these representations leave much to be desired. But as decoration they are only secondary, in my opinion, to the geometrical and tulip designs, and they are unquestionably amusing. The majority are fairly easily identified; a few are still a matter for conjecture.

The last class of Delft charger to be noted is the Adam and Eve type. There are many variations of this sub-

ject, but normally the tree and the serpent occupy the centre, with Adam to the left and Eve to the right. As in the portrait series, the artists show a most elementary knowledge of anatomy. The first dated specimen known is 1635, and the subject seems to have been very popular right up to the



FIG. 1. JAMES II.: AN EXAMPLE OF PORTRAITURE THAT DOUBLES THE VALUE OF AN "ENGLISH DELFT" PLATE.



FIG. 2. AN EQUESTRIAN PORTAIT OF WILLIAM III., WITH A "SPONGED" CONVENTION FOR FOLIAGE OF TREES.



FIG. 3. ANOTHER REPRESENTATION OF WILLIAM III., ONE OF THE "FIRST FAVOURITES" IN PORTRAIT PLATES.

The point is that he has produced a rattling good design for the purpose. The formal tulip designs in Figs. 5 and 7 speak for themselves. The inspiration is obviously Dutch; the workmanship English. The blue dashes that form the border of the charger in Fig. 7, as in Fig. 2, are very frequently found in



FIG. 4. "THE FINEST EXAMPLE ON THIS PAGE": A PLATE WITH A BOLDLY CONCEIVED STAG, AND "SPONGED" FOLIAGE.



FIG. 5. A FORMAL TULIP DESIGN OF DUTCH INSPIRATION, WITH SPONGED BORDER.

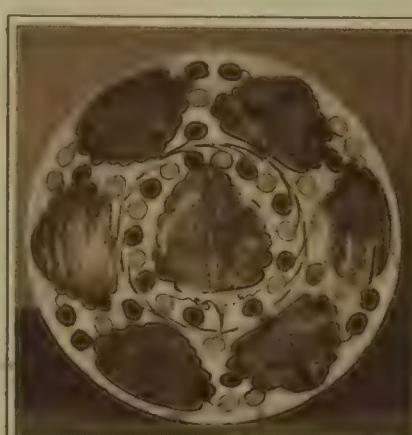


FIG. 6. A HIGHLY STYLISED REPRESENTATION OF VINE-LEAVES AND GRAPES (OR CHERRIES).



FIG. 7. WITH A BORDER OF BLUE DASHES, AS IN FIG. 2: A FORMAL TULIP DESIGN.

"CHARGERS" OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH DELFT: A TYPE OF ENGLISH POTTERY OF EXCEPTIONAL DECORATIVE VALUE—"PRODUCTIONS OF VERY HUMBLE PEOPLE" IN A PROCESS PROBABLY BROUGHT TO ENGLAND BY ITALIAN EMIGRANTS FROM ANTWERP.

since Dutch potters first attempted to copy the blue-and-white Chinese importations of the Dutch East India Company.

It seems probable—that one cannot be quite sure—that the process was brought to England by Italian emigrants from Antwerp: whatever the first contact, we find the process established firmly before the seventeenth century. What I propose to note now is the use Englishmen made of the new discovery in a series of plates—or rather chargers—made

this class of pottery, as in Dutch Delft and Italian Maiolica. The tulip charger in Fig. 5 has a "sponged" border instead of a series of dashes. This, too, is a frequent, if rather lazy, habit of seventeenth-century English potters, especially as a convention for foliage. The chargers in Figs. 2 and 4 will be seen to exhibit this same "sponged" convention for the foliage of the trees. To my mind it is the plate with the boldly conceived stag in the centre (Fig. 4) which is the finest example on this page. The artist, whoever he was, has a very marked sense of design and an

end of the century. The theory is none the less fairly widely held that the majority of chargers depicting the Fall in reality conceal a profound political satire. Adam is King William and Eve is his consort, who holds out, not an apple, but an orange. It is true that later examples do show a fruit that bears very little resemblance to an apple, but most people will probably feel that a little more evidence in support of this engaging theory must be produced before one can accept it whole-heartedly.

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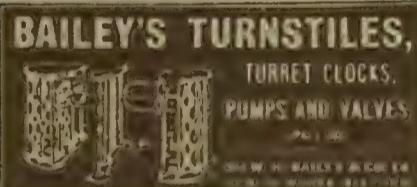
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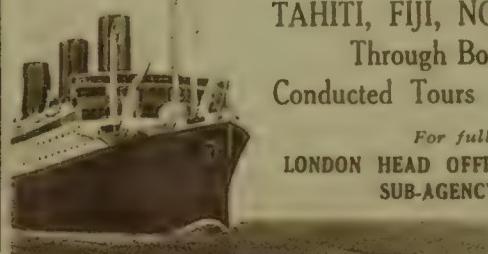
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fashions and furnishing.

Summer Modes from the South. Although the Riviera season is now practically over, it is worth while remembering the modes which predominated there, for they invariably reappear in our summer fashions. Cannes was a blaze of beautiful colours this year—of limes, yellows, and sapphire, plentifully mingled with white. Hats and jumpers in these gay, clear tints were worn with long white coats in some woolly material, collared with nutria and other soft furs. These white coats were

and were cut out over the forehead and eyebrows in a diversity of amusing ways. The jumpers worn with pleated white skirts were, on the whole, far plainer than last year's zebra stripes. Some were content with the openwork pattern of the knitting for decoration; others had just a touch of two



A beautiful cupboard in antique-finished oak, which is to be found at Williamson and Cole's, High Street, Clapham, who are specialists in furniture of all kinds.

great favourites, and looked astonishingly smart with their trim collars of dark fur. The hats were so small that they seemed to grow miraculously on the head,



Perfectly sprung and upholstered is this inviting settee, which is covered in jaspe taffeta, a material in beautiful clear colours to suit the modern room. At Williamson and Cole's, who are the creators of many lovely fabrics.

contrasting colours bordering the edges. But this sobriety was relieved by the gaiety and bold designs of the scarves, worn either round the waist or shoulders. There were bags to match, in crêpe-de-Chine, tweed, kasha, crepella, or striped leather. To display an odd bag was a distinct *faux pas* against good grooming.

Evening Wraps and Frocks.

In the Casino at night the frocks and wraps were marvellous, with their long, trailing draperies and slender waists. The loveliest coats were of ermine, with huge collars of cream-coloured fox or perfect specimens of silver fox. These coats were worn carelessly off the shoulders so that the front of the dress should not be hidden. Printed chiffon frocks were everywhere in very new designs, blending strange colours together with as great an effect as does modern music so many apparent discords.

Furnishing Fashions.

Meanwhile, in England the spring re-furnishing is as absorbing a problem as the season's modes. The list of weddings, too, for April, May, and June is larger than ever, and wedding presents in the form of furniture, most useful of all, are in great demand.

Every woman has very decided tastes nowadays on furnishing and decoration, but there is an inexhaustible supply of really appropriate suggestions to be found always at the well-known firm of Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham. They carry out entirely rooms in either "period" styles or in modern designs, and can invariably suggest single items to perfect such a room. Three perfectly finished pieces of furniture which would look well in any room are pictured on this page. The settee is constructed to attain the very maximum of comfort. It has a deep spring seat with an extra spring edge, and spring back and arms. The down cushions on the seat and back are covered in jaspe taffeta to match the



A well-designed book-case of figured mahogany with the top section fitted with adjustable shelves, designed by Williamson and Cole.

(Continued overleaf.)

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Continued. rest of the settee. This jasper silk can be obtained in beautiful colourings, and is ideal for the unpatterned modern room which relies on colour for effect. The price is £21 19s. 6d. On the left is a most decorative and unusual cupboard in antique finished oak, which is available for £21 10s. The bookcase on the right is of figured mahogany, the top section fitted with adjustable shelves. The price is £14 19s. 6d.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE REAL MOUSSORGSKY.

IT is interesting to survey the decline and rise of artistic reputations, and extremely instructive. A history of literature or of music rarely gives a chart of the ups and downs in popularity or even in critical estimation of the chief individuals with whom it deals, and few of us are aware of the vicissitudes of fame through which most of the great figures of literature and music have passed. A conspicuous case within the last hundred years is that of Shelley. All Shelley's works were published at his own expense, and none of them brought him any profit. His poems were ignored or very adversely criticised in the reviews of the period. He himself, although aware of his genius, thought Byron was his superior. It was not until seventeen years after his death that the first collected edition of his poems was published, edited by his wife, and this publication was only made possible by the subscription of a few enthusiastic admirers like the poet Thomas Lovell Beddoes. His fame spread slowly and his reputation grew steadily, but even in 1869 Matthew Arnold could write of him grudgingly as "an ineffectual angel" and give far more enthusiastic praise to Keats and to Byron. Nevertheless, nothing could stop his slow rise in reputation, until Buxton Forman, in his famous edition, speaks of Shelley in his dedication as "England's greatest lyric poet," and this year, in a study of nineteenth-century poetry, Professor Grierson argues Shelley to be a greater poet than Keats, although Keats's reputation has never stood higher than at present. The day is coming, if it is not already here, when Shelley will be ranked nearer to Shakespeare than any other English poet, and nobody would be more surprised than Shelley himself if he knew it.

Something similar is happening to the Russian composer Moussorgsky, who died in 1881. At the time of his death, he was ignored, and considered of little importance. To-day he is regarded everywhere in the world as Russia's greatest composer. The men who filled the critics' columns during Moussorgsky's lifetime—César Cui, Anton Rubinstein, Serov, Tchaikovsky, and others of less importance—are dwindling in reputation yearly. Of all the eclectic Russian composers of Moussorgsky's time (1839-81), Tchaikovsky alone retains a precarious eminence; all the others have tumbled from their pedestals and the majority of them have been smashed in their fall.

Even the members of the famous "powerful coterie," the so-called nationalist composers—Balakirev, Rimsky-Korsakov, Dargomijsky and Borodin—have not kept the position which they won as protagonists of a national school of music in Russia. But Moussorgsky, who was considered talented but extravagant, gifted but wild and impossible, has grown from fame to fame, until to-day he is the only Russian composer whose work commands the unqualified respect and admiration of the musical world.

And even the last fifteen years have witnessed the steady growth of Moussorgsky's reputation. Ten years ago in England, if not in France, Moussorgsky was still regarded as an ill-instructed amateur with flashes of genius, who owed everything to Rimsky-Korsakov, who had revised and made his works practicable by largely rewriting them. As we gradually became familiar with Rimsky-Korsakov's own music, we found it more and more difficult to believe that this extremely narrow and thin-blooded musician could ever have contributed much to Moussorgsky's splendidly rich and vital music; and the conviction that Rimsky-Korsakov had done perhaps as much harm as service in his editing of Moussorgsky's operas grew to such a pitch that editions of the operas in their original state were called for.

Now we have the first adequate biography of Moussorgsky translated from the German of Oskar von Riesemann by Paul England, and from it we may learn what a remarkable man and musician Moussorgsky was. Mr. von Riesemann has had access to a lot of unpublished material in the possession of the Imperial Public Library, Leningrad, and has been able to quote from a number of Moussorgsky's letters. Fortunately, Mr. von Riesemann seems to be a sober and reliable writer, and he has written an excellent book which will do a great deal to enhance Moussorgsky's reputation.

Moussorgsky suffered from misunderstanding, jealousy, and ill-will, just as the great creative artists of the past have done, and as those of the future will assuredly do also. Laroche, the most brilliant critic of Moussorgsky's day, showed, says von Riesemann: "in his clever and malicious criticisms of *Boris*,

[Continued on page 614]



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD CAR.

FROM time to time letters reach me at this office from readers who ask for advice in the choice of a car, their requests more often taking the form, "What is unsatisfactory about the X.Y.Z?" than the commoner—"Which is the best car I can buy for £x?" From this it will be guessed that most of my correspondents live overseas. The motorist whose life is spent far from service stations and repair shops, to whom the need for constant adjustments and replacements is the worst of misfortunes, is generally a far more practical critic of motor-cars than his brother who has competent "service" at the end of a telephone wire.

Troubles Overseas. I have read some stirring tales within the past few years of what can happen to motor-cars in out-of-the-way places, and still more disturbing ones of how badly conceived some cars are for overseas work. There are makers who are still apparently in the state of hopeless ignorance about colonial conditions which did so much vital harm to our industry twenty years ago. One such, indeed, practically admitted as much to one of my correspondents in Northern Rhodesia. To a series of more than justifiable complaints he retorted that the car was not designed for rough work. The car is sold as a "colonial" model, and my correspondent asks if he would not have done better to have bought "a decent town carriage from somebody with a reputation to make, not to lose."

Although this is not an isolated instance, however, there is no doubt that, special colonial requirements apart, cars as a whole have so much improved in the past few years that it is often very difficult to criticise them seriously. They may not all suit overseas owners, but they are mostly surprisingly soundly designed and built. When, for example, I get the letter which asks—"What is wrong with the X.Y.Z?" I am usually considerably put to it to find the answer.

Difficulties of Criticism. There may be any number of things about the X.Y.Z., or the C.D.E., or the S.O.S., which I personally dislike. They may have three-speed gear-boxes, or complicated brake-systems, or poorly designed body-

work, or a dozen drawbacks which condemn them in my eyes. Yet the next man may have no objection to any of these things, and be content with what the American advertiser so quaintly calls the "built-in" value, which, I suppose, is translated by "general fitness." And it is that general fitness which makes them so difficult to criticise. Everyone knows one or more cars of the type of which people say, "I wouldn't be seen dead in one; but I must say they do go and they do last." Usually they could add, "And they are cheap."

The "Handicap" of Price. That is one of my worst difficulties in dealing with the overseas inquiries. Any but serious criticism is negatived by price, and serious criticism, of faulty design, material, or construction, is becoming more and more rare every year. It has almost come to this, that the car critic can only say—"I dislike the following points in the S.O.S. for the following reasons; but these do not seem to affect the value of the car as a reliable means of transport. I do not want the S.O.S. for myself, but I have little doubt that it will suit thousands of other people admirably—people who will regard my objections as unimportant, at the price."

Varying Performance. If there are few points in the design and build of the new cars which admit of useful criticism, there still remain opportunities for comparative comment on their performance. Performance, in any class of car, is still very far from being standardised; and because the 3½-litre six-cylinder L.S.D. has a vibrationless cruising speed of fifty-five miles an hour, it by no means follows that the V.F.M. of the same power and price can boast anything of the kind. Your £200 family car, in six different guises, can and often does give you six quite different sorts of result, from the astonishingly good to the disgracefully bad. When you look into things in search of plausible reasons for this discrepancy, it is ten to one that you will find nothing to explain it, except the obvious fact that some cars are much better than others. Why they are, and why the other sort sell at all, remains a mystery.

Here, perhaps, I may be able to help my far-away correspondents a little. It falls to my lot to take out most kinds of car all the year round, from the miniatures to the immensities, from the cheapest

to the most flamboyantly expensive, from the liveliest to the most sluggish, and I make a point of taking them all over exactly the same route at least once, so that, so far as the English climate will let me, I can go about my good-mark allotment in all fairness. Barring weather, every car is asked to do the same as its rivals.

Features of a Good Car.

The main features which influence my opinion of each car are probably those which appeal to the majority. A good car, no matter what its price or power, must do its work reasonably smoothly and quietly. I do not expect the £300 four-cylinder to equal the £600 six-cylinder in this respect; but, in 1929, pronounced crankshaft vibration or gear-box noise is inexcusable. The pick-up must be good, which means that on the level the engine will accelerate willingly from eight or ten miles an hour on top gear, and really smartly on third. It must always be a little above its work, never a little under it. A good engine has always just a little more in reserve than you expect. All this spells liveliness.

The Essentials of Good Steering.

The steering, of whatever design, must be of the sort that you do not notice. The car must follow the line of your eye—or the eye of your mind—with-out drawing your attention to the fact. You must never be aware that you are steering it—an expression which implies effort. There must not be the smallest suspicion of effort in your handling of the wheel. This sounds like a counsel of perfection, and as if I were insisting upon £3000 design for £300 cars. It is not. As a matter of fact, the worst steering I have ever met since the war was on two cars costing, respectively, £1600 and £2500, and the best on others costing £160, £320, and £700. If one can draw a conclusion from this, it is either that money means nothing in the design of good steering, or that only some makers take the trouble to make their cars properly controllable.

Road-Holding and Brakes.

A good car must hold the road properly. Its springs must be such that it sticks to the road going round bends and that it does not show a disposition towards frivolous skidding. Here, again, I know of very cheap cars which give excellent

(Continued overleaf.)

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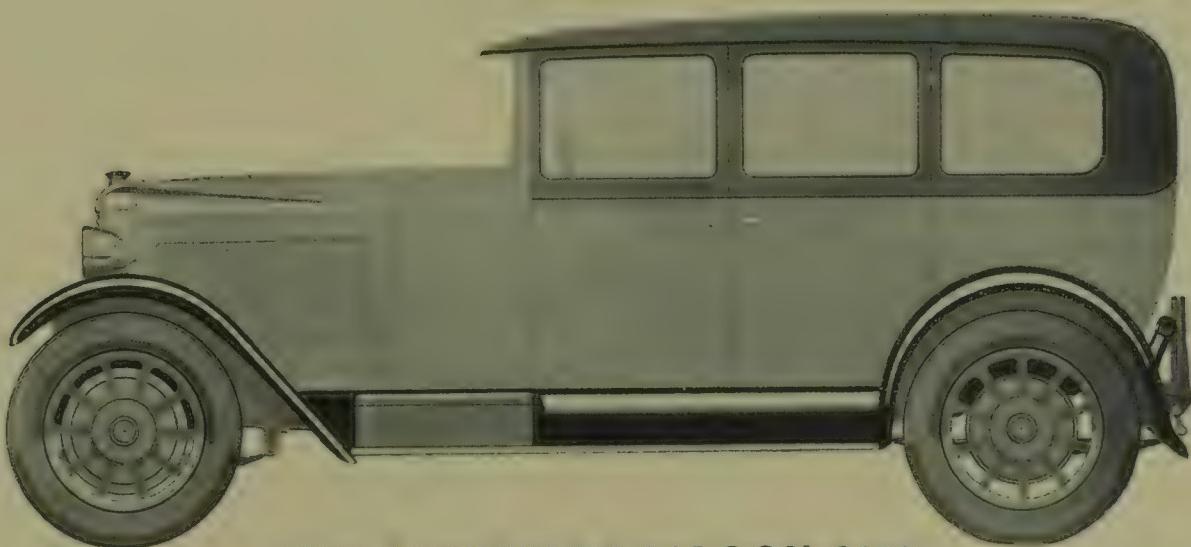
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Continued.]
results in this direction, so it is not asking for the impossibly expensive. As a rule, springs (with the help of low-pressure tyres and efficient shock-absorbers) give us decently easy riding nowadays, but they do not always give us stability. The latter is far more important than the former. It is unnecessary to discuss the essentials of good brakes beyond remarking that they must be as even in operation as they are powerful. A car with poor brakes to-day is a car to be scratched off any list of possibles without delay. There is no room for it either on the market or on the road. It is on these main points, therefore, that cars are judged on trial, and, although they are not always dealt with individually in reports, they have their due effect on the general impression produced by the car as a whole.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 640.)

a complete inability to understand the work. Its clumsy workmanship, he declared, smacked of the amateur, and, although there were 'unmistakable signs of considerable power,' Moussorgsky belonged, in his opinion, 'to that group of contemporary Russian composers who were distinguished rather by their liberal tendencies than by any knowledge, skill, or intellectual culture.' He attributes Moussorgsky's choice of a 'patchwork version' of Pushkin's drama to the composer's leanings towards 'realism.' He further charges him with musical gaucherie, coarseness, and cacophony '*à la Serov*', and compares the orchestral accompaniment to 'a perpetual strumming on the piano with the loud pedal down most of the time.' In similar vein he blames him for the frequent use of keys with many sharps or flats—'these,' he remarks, 'as we all know, sound well enough on the piano, but are heavy and ungrateful when employed in the orchestra.'

To criticise a composition adversely because the composer uses keys with many sharps or flats is in the best tradition of the academic Beckmesser school of criticism. It is in itself enough to damn a critic completely. But Moussorgsky had not only to suffer from the professional critic; he had the unpleasant experience of finding one of his colleagues, one of the "faithful" coterie of brothers sworn to the furtherance of music in Russia, turning traitor and attacking his work in print. This was the composer César Cui, whose unfavourable opinion did Moussorgsky more harm than Laroche's. "It was known," says von Riesemann, "that Cui was the literary spokesman

for the Balakirev circle, and expectation was on tip-toe to hear what he had to say about the work of one of its members. The result was a big surprise for everyone and a cruel blow to Moussorgsky. Of course, Cui praised *Boris*, but his praise is so interwoven with spiteful and venomous attacks, on not merely the details but the essential quality of the work, as utterly to nullify his expressions of approval. . . . Cui's outburst is all the more surprising when we remember that at that time the 'powerful coterie' still hung together, and that its members were, apparently, still in perfect agreement. One would have supposed that *Boris Godounov*—the first serious and connected attempt to justify the operatic theories they held in common—would have called forth a storm of enthusiasm from that quarter. Cui may perhaps have been moved by a quite natural, though unbrotherly, feeling of jealousy, for his own opera, *Ratcliff*, which had been in existence longer than *Boris*, still lay in the composer's desk. . . . In any case, Moussorgsky was most bitterly hurt by Cui's behaviour; he thought he had a right to very different treatment at the hands of his 'friend'; after such an experience we cannot wonder that he hastened to describe the members of the coterie as 'soulless traitors.'

Moussorgsky's early death at the age of forty-one deprived the world undoubtedly of much fine music, because he left several compositions on a large scale in a skeleton state behind him. His death was brought about by drinking habits, which were largely the result of his poverty and isolation. His letters reveal him as a high-minded, warm-hearted, impulsive man, who, in his hatred of lies and humbug, was ill-fitted to compete in the struggle for existence with harder and narrower natures. There is an excellent description of him by a friend: "Moussorgsky was a man, who, I think, had not his like in the whole world. He was always ready to satisfy anybody's wishes, and he never even thought of suspecting anything wrong in anyone. He judged others by himself. When one came to know him better, one was forced to think that he had an exceptional nature. He was so innocent in the things of life that it seemed to him quite impossible that any educated and well-bred man could ever cause pain to his neighbour, or even play a dirty trick on him. In one word, his was an ideal personality."

Such a man is not likely to have a smooth passage through the world, and Moussorgsky's passage was exceedingly rough, as all who read von Riesemann's "Life" will admit.

W. J. TURNER.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 616.)

"UFA" MARKS TIME.

The presence in London of two such distinguished film-producers as Erich Pommer and Joe May seemed to indicate an opportunity for finding out something about Germany's attitude towards the talking film. The two German directors to whom we owe "Homecoming" and "The Hungarian Rhapsody," fine examples of the silent drama in varying moods, were obviously interested in British activities and in the breeze of conflicting opinions that blows at the present moment through the corridors of our film-world, opening some doors and slamming shut others. But as to their own future plans, they would seem to be in the same fluid and somewhat fluttered state that obtains in all the film-studios in every country. The "Ufa" studios are being rebuilt, to a great extent, in preparation for the making of sound and talking films. But the output of silent films must still continue in Germany, if only for the sake of the English-speaking markets. I was quite prepared to hear of some magical device by which the German actor may be doubled with an English spokesman, who, lurking in the background behind the visible hero, may cajole our ears with pleasant sound. But so far, it would appear, the obstacles in the way of doubling remain insuperable. It has often amused me to read from the lips of foreign artists on the screen—French or German—exclamations, and sometimes even remarks, which have diverged entirely from the English sub-titles. Here, then, is a problem limiting the German "talkie" to the German-speaking countries, for which Messrs. Pommer and May have not yet found a solution. A certain number of artists could, no doubt, be found who could play their parts in two, even in three or four languages, but they are not always available, nor would their number be sufficient to meet the demand. Still, the bi-lingual actor and actress possessing the necessary qualifications for the films should find their opportunity in the present craze. Will it last? There seems to be as much hesitancy and speculation in the German camps as elsewhere, and the feeling that the talking film will certainly not oust the silent film seems to underlie the guarded statements of such men as Pommer and May. In this connection, it is interesting to read that the greatest genius of the screen, Charles Chaplin, has for the moment definitely refused to appear in a talking part.

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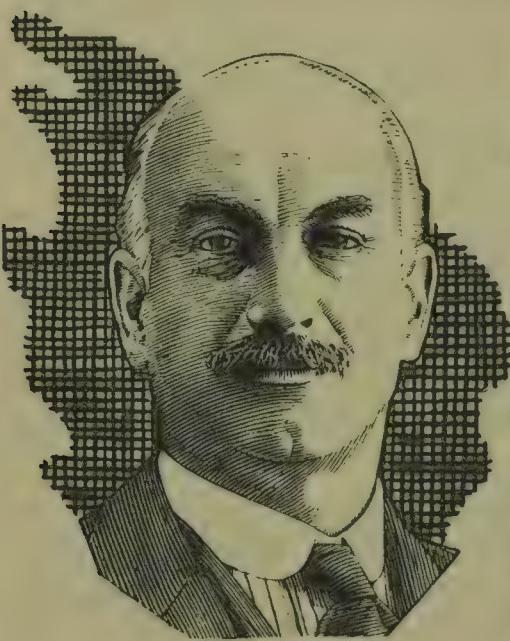


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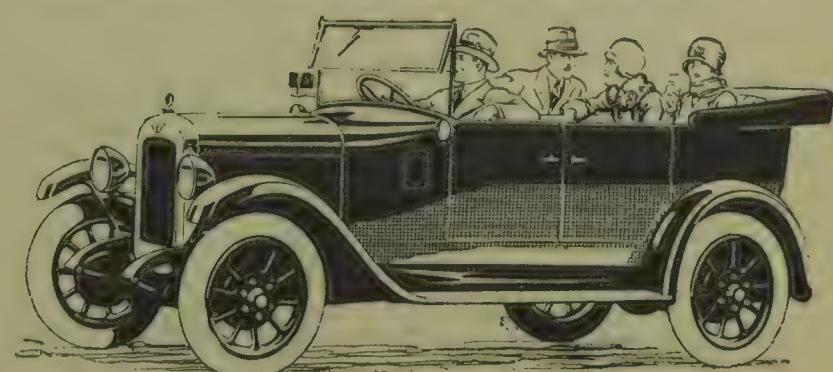
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXVII.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THERE appear to be many with the desire to spend their holidays afloat who fear to do so owing to their ignorance of boats and navigation. I feel, therefore, that I must make an attempt to banish their doubts. As a professional seaman with a sailor's combined love and distrust of the sea, I urge no one to take risks. I do not advise the novice, therefore, to embark on his first voyage, however short, without professional aid. Many have done so, however, and have come to no harm; these have bought their experience very cheaply, and deserve to, in return for their bravery.

Successful voyages of a hundred miles or so made by those with little or no seafaring knowledge are numerous, and are often advertised as proof that ignorance of matters nautical is no bar to the marine motorist: they prove nothing of the sort, and are the cause of many insurance claims, and therefore help to swell the premiums of those who are more experienced. The really long cruise by a novice is fortunately rare, but one was made last year that deserves full praise, for it was not done as a "stunt," but as an ordinary tour for pleasure, by Dr. H. E. Gray. I look on it as a brilliant exception to what I have stated previously, and only mention it as an example of what is possible with the right man at the helm.

Dr. Gray, with only one other as crew, carried out the remarkable cruise shown on the attached map, and much of it was done in the late autumn. His boat, the *Sheila*, was a carvel-built vessel of five and a half tons, from the yard of Messrs. William Osborne, of Littlehampton. Her dimensions are 28 ft. 6 in. long, with a beam of 8 ft. 2 in., and her draught 2 ft. 9 in. She was driven by a Model "Q" Gleniffer engine, which gave her a speed of eight knots. Neither the owner nor his mate knew the elements of coastal navigation, and both were complete novices

over matters connected with motor-boats. I find it difficult to believe they had no experience of the sea, but, in view of their omission to enter many of the usual details in a log book, I do not think they had very much.

With every apology to Dr. Gray, this cruise, on the face of it, appears a case of "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Actually, however, this is not quite the case, for the vessel was well built and carefully fitted out, and was driven by an engine which is famous for its reliability. To quote Dr. Gray's own words: "The real test came during October and the first half of November, off the west coast of Scotland and the east coast of Ireland. Every morning our water tank was full of ice, and yet we never used the electric starter once, as hand-starting was so easy. After half-an-hour's running at half-throttle, we could open out, and for the rest of the time, frequently for twenty hours on end, she purred away like a sleek cat. During the October gales she repeatedly saved our lives when the slightest defect must have spelled disaster. In five months she ran 2700 miles. Throughout October into November, the weather conditions were a severe test, and it was only the engine which pulled us through. We finished the cruise at Ardrishaig on November 8th."

This is a wonderful record, and shows the reliability of the modern motor-cruiser, but at the same time it teaches a lesson. Everything depended on the engine on various occasions when perhaps a little more knowledge of navigation might have created additional safety. Dr. Gray is reticent on the subject of navigation, but admits that on at least one occasion he lost his way during a dark night in November near Ardrishaig—and no wonder! It speaks volumes for his pluck that he ventured afloat at night at any time. At many places voluntary stops were made, and at others the vessel was weather-bound, but the actual running days during the five months were forty-seven, or a daily average of 57½ miles per running day. The track shown does not indicate many of the short day trips taken to and fro between various stopping places, but is sufficiently accurate to show one of the most daring trips which have been made in a small motor-cruiser, which I hear is now ready once more to attempt others.



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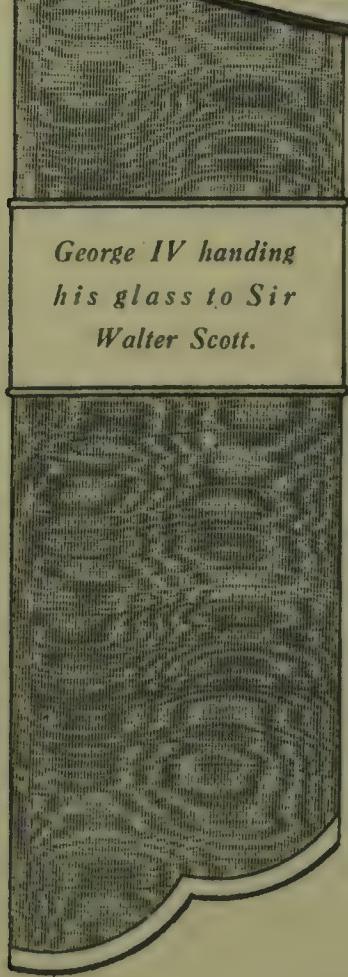


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SOUTH AFRICA AS THE CRADLE OF ART.

(Continued from Page 614.)

and well-balanced proportions with the finer Transvaal petroglyphs. Reproductions of the combating buffaloes at Enfous, the cow-elephant protecting her young, near Ain Sefaf, and the family of leopards tearing a boar to pieces, near Constantine, have benefited by the skill of copying artists, as a scrutiny of photographs indicates.

In North Africa, the already traditional technique and distinctly conventional features of the older rock-sculptures show a much more advanced stage than was ever attained in South Africa. The elimination of individual marks of concussion by smoothing the lines, the final polishing of the nearly blank surfaces of the body, the crowded grouping, and the definite front views of heads, instead of the traditional profile, are significant factors. Decisive simplicity of execution and a nearly fixed standard of methodic skill reveal well-digested observations of experienced craftsmen who had passed far beyond the elementary stage of this art. Strict naturalistic rendering had been abandoned. The use of conventionalised, broad, concave

outlines from which all roughness was eliminated is so obvious a peculiarity of this North African art as to deserve emphasis. Absence of details over the nearly blank body surface is prophetic of the next important phase, the use of colour. On the whole, the Capsian artists followed implicitly a conventionalised method, foreshadowing, in this respect, the Egyptian rigour of representation.

In the Transvaal petroglyphs, on the contrary, the careful observation of nature appears to have acted as a vitalising principle and to have encouraged progressive improvements. None of the maturer traditional features of the northern lithic culture can be traced in the more primitive Transvaal art, as had been generally assumed, whereas we find in North Africa, clearly, all the elements from which the comparable arts of Western Europe have evolved. About this latter point there can be hardly any doubt, since so many distinguished archaeologists of different nations have given good reasons for their conclusions.

Another question arises. Does the Transvaal petroglyphic art contain the essential elementary and such

advanced features that show its absolute independent development from the North African lithic culture? Most certainly. No traces of derivation can be defined in the old Transvaal art that might have been introduced from the north. Yet it had reached the stages from which the northern art can be readily evolved. The oldest phases of the North African petroglyphic art suggest a transition between the fine South African and that of the Western European arts.

After this North African (Gaetulian or Capsian) branch had been evolved, no artistic intercourse appears to have taken place with South Africa or the "Boskop" people of the Transvaal Smithfield culture. Nor has any Cro-Magnon or West-European (Aurignacian) element of rock-sculpture ever been subsequently introduced into South Africa; though the art of rock-painting, of which I shall speak in another article, shows affiliations with that practised in the northern regions.

Conspicuous appearance continued to be the goal of the adepts of this North African art. That they finally coloured these huge, nearly life-sized pictographs seems could have drawn greater attention to these mystic monuments? In the tens of thousands of years, all traces of colour have, of course, weathered away from the smooth or polished rock surfaces, which were exposed to all inclemencies of the climate. There is, therefore, no positive evidence of their having been painted. But Dr. Frobenius records from Taghania (Algeria) a sculptured block lying face downward, from which, when lifted, the ochre-like dust was blown off by the wind. Many other reasons point to such early use of colour in connection with petroglyphs. Archaeologists generally admit that the art of rock painting came from North Africa to Western Europe.

Painting was never invented in the obscurity of West-European caves, but more likely under the blue skies of North Africa. Here the brightness of suitable colours helped to increase the admiration of those who were manifestly attracted, and, perhaps, strengthened thereby in their mystic beliefs. The polished portion of these stone figures forms a suitable panel. Various coloured earths furnished a rich palette. Most likely, the mixing and fixing of colours with fatty or gummy substances was invented in the endeavour to paint upon such an imperishable material as smooth rock surfaces which were exposed to the hottest and roughest weather.

It is not so surprising that the famous Aurignacian cave paintings at Altamira (Spain) are among the finest discovered. The artists in question may have been initiated into the secrets of painting by men still knowing the most enduring methods tested during many centuries under the open skies of North Africa. In Western Europe, the Cro-Magnons also prepared upon the walls of the cave the space upon which they afterwards painted. One may cite the most ancient Egyptian sculptors, who relied much on colour to enhance the life-like appearance of their creations. This may be due to the desire and encouragement of their priests, who also enforced their wishes to such an extent as practically to control Egyptian art. Many years ago, who would have thought that the civilised world would have to acknowledge as representing the fundamental ideals of art such lofty gifts from the Dark Continent?

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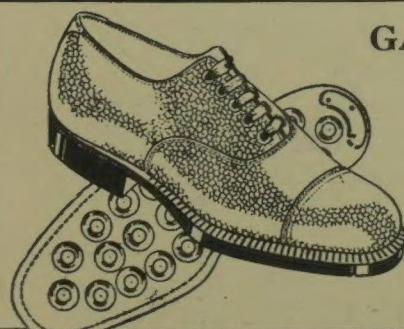
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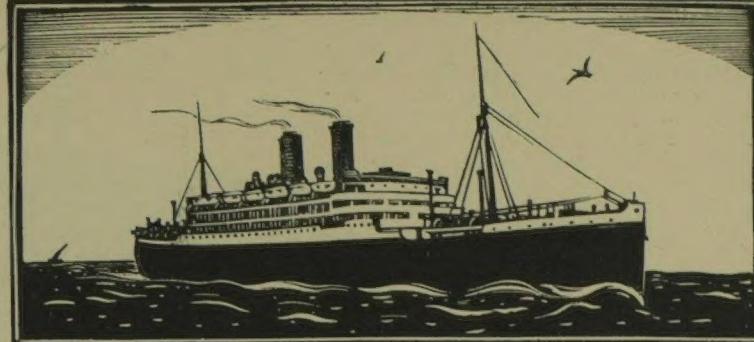
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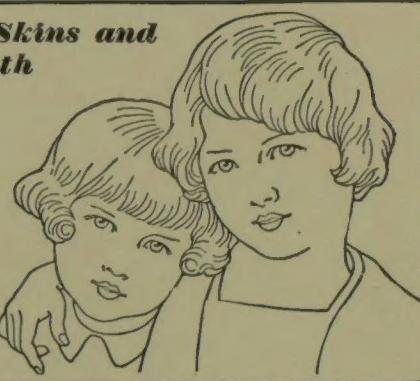
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